



Programme

OF THE

Fourth Annual

Music Festival

OF THE

• • • New Bedford • • •

Choral + Association.

April 22d, 23d and 24th.

1895

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


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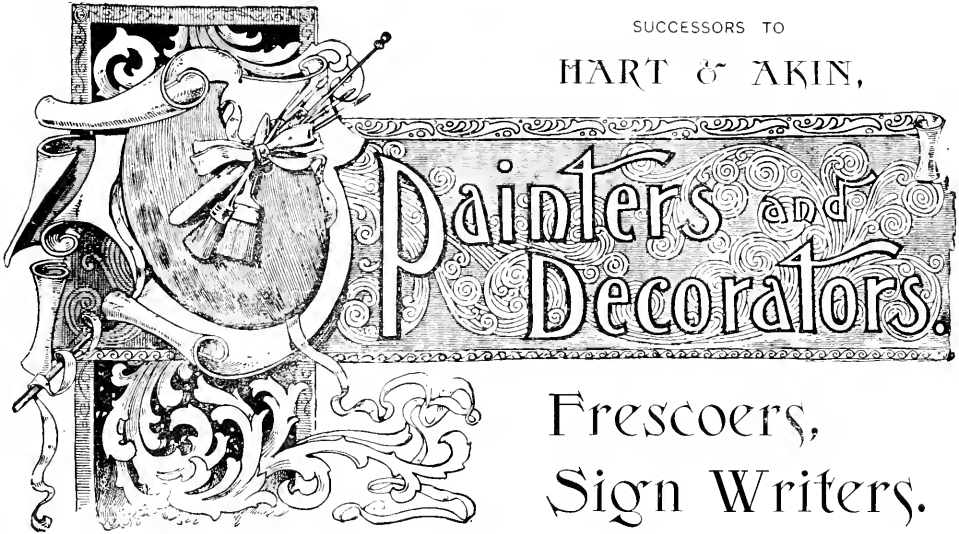
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PROGRAMME

TO BE HELD IN THE

Grand

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NEW

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Fourth Annual

Music Festival,



CHAS. F. SHAW, PRESIDENT.

APRIL 22D, 23D AND 24TH.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

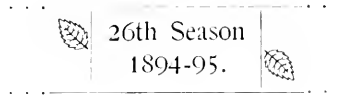
*The New Bedford
Choral Association,*

1914

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• • Festival Forces. • •



• • SOPRANOS • •

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA, MRS. JENNIE PATRICK-WALKER,
MISS ROSE STEWART.

• • CONTRALTOS • •

MRS. JULIE L. WYMAN, MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

• • TENORS • •

MR. BEN. DAVIES, MR. WILLIAM H. RIEGER,
MR. CLARENCE B. DAVIS.

• • BARITONE • •

MR. FRANCIS S. ROGERS.

• • BASS • •

MR. WILLIAM H. CLARKE.

• • PIANISTS • •

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD. MR. MARTINUS SEIVEKING.

• • HARP • •

MR. V. V. ROGERS.

• • •

• • THE ASSOCIATION CHORUS, • •

(250 VOICES.)

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MR. CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

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Second Violins.

PERCY C. HAYDEN
JULIUS EICHLER
B. J. HOLMBERG
C. G. MILLER
F. W. ORDWAY

Violas.

JACQUES BENAVENTE
E. HOCHHEIM

Cellos.

LUDWIG CORELL
ALEX HEINDL

Basses.

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H. E. COUCH
R. LORENZ

Flutes.

CHAS. K. NORTH
WILHELM RIETZEL
F. L. CHAMBERLAIN

Oboes.

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P. C. FISCHER

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E. TREPTE

Clarinets.

E. STRASSER
G. KROEDER
BERNIE HOLMBERG

Bassoons.

FEDOR BERNHARDT
CHRISTIAN DIETSCH

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ADOLF BELZ
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HENRY KOCH
FRITZ SCHUMANN

Trumpets.

BENJAMIN BOWRON
WM. T. HERRICK
J. EICHLER

Trombones.

D. H. MOORE
CARL BEHR
GEO. W. STEWART

Taba.

OTTO LORENZ

Harp.

V. V. ROGERS

Bass Drum, Cymbals, Tambourin, Triangle.

E. E. PARKER

Tympani.

J. M. FLOCKTON



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“Music’s inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful that it ennobles whatever comes in contact with it.”

—RICHARD WAGNER.



PROGRAMS.—



❖ First Concert. ❖

MONDAY EVENING, April 22d.

Part I.

HYMN OF PRAISE. *Mendelssohn.*
MISS ROSE STEWART.
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.
MR. BEN. DAVIES.
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Part II.

OVERTURE. "Phedre." *Massenet.*
ORCHESTRA.
PIANO CONCERTO. *Grieg.*
MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.
ARIA. "Mad Scene," From "Lucia." *Donizetti.*
MISS ROSE STEWART.
Flute, Obligato, Mr. Charles K. North.
PERPETUAL MOTION. *Paganini.*
PLAYED BY ALL THE FIRST VIOLINS.
RECITATIVE AND ARIA. From "Jephtha." *Handel.*
 { RECITATIVE.—"Deeper and Deeper." }
 { ARIA.—"Waft her, Angels." }
MR. BEN. DAVIES.
ARIA. "Carmen." *Bizet.*
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.
OVERTURE. "Jubel." *Weber.*
ORCHESTRA.



❖ Second Concert. ❖

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, April 23d.



OVERTURE. "The Flying Dutchman." *Wagner*
ORCHESTRA

BALLAD (SENTA) and SPINNING CHORUS. From "The Flying
Dutchman." *Wagner*.
MRS. J. P. WALKER AND LADIES CHORUS.

BALLET MUSIC. From Henry VIII. *German*.
(a.) Morris Dance.
(b.) Shepherds' Dance.
(c.) Torch Dance.
ORCHESTRA.

HARP SOLO. Morceau Caracterisque. *Aptomas*.
MR. V. V. ROGERS.

ARIA. "I will extol Thee." From "Eli." *Costa*.
MRS. J. P. WALKER.

ENTRE ACTE. "Gwendoline." *Chabrier*.
ORCHESTRA.

FORTY-SECOND PSALM. "As The Hart Pants." *Mendelssohn*.
MRS. J. P. WALKER, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

❖ Third Concert. ❖
TUESDAY EVENING, April 23d.

— *Artists' Concert.* —

SUITE D' ORCHESTRE. "L' Arlesienne." *Bizet.*
(a.) Prelude.

(b.) Menetto.

(c.) Adagietto.

(d.) Carrillon.

ARIA. "Reginella." *Braga.*

MR. WM. H. RIEGER.

ARIA. "Le Reine de Saba." *Gounod.*

MADAME NORDICA.

BALLAD. "Lovely Rosabelle." *Chadwick.*

MISS STEIN.

MR. RIEGER.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

ARIA. "La Juive." *Halévy.*

MR. WM. H. CLARKE.

SCENA "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." *Tschaikowski.*

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

PIZZACATI. *Latann.*

STRING ORCHESTRA.

TRIO. From "Faust." *Gounod.*

MADAME NORDICA.

MR. RIEGER.

MR. CLARKE.

BARCAROLLE. "A Night in Lisbon " *Saint Saëns.*

ORCHESTRA.

BALLAD. "Barbara Frietchie." *Jules Jordan.*

MADAME NORDICA.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conducted by the Composer.



❖ Fourth Concert. ❖

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 24th

A. Symphony Concert.

OVERTURE. "Melpomene." *Chadwick.*
ORCHESTRA

TRAUEREI. *Schuman.*
STRING ORCHESTRA.

PIANO CONCERTO. Op. 42 in G. Minor. *Saint Saëns.*
MARTINUS SEIVEKING.

CARNIVAL IN PARIS. *Strindson.*
ORCHESTRA.

SYMPHONY No. 5. C Minor. *Beethoven.*



❁ Fifth Concert. ❁

WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 24th.



Samson and Delilah,

— A Biblical Opera, —

BY

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

DELILAH,	MRS. JULIE L. WYMAN.
SAMSON,	MR. WM. H. RIEGER.
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON,	MR. FRANCIS S. ROGERS.
ABIMELICH, SATRAP OF GAZA,	} MR. WM. H. CLARKE.
AN OLD HEBREW,	
SECOND PHILLISTINE MESSENGER,	
PHILLISTINE MESSENGER,	MR. CLARENCE B. DAVIS.



DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMMES.

WITH NOTES,

ANALYTICAL AND HISTORICAL.

EDITED BY

ALLEN W. SWAN.

[A large part of these analyses and descriptions have been taken from the programme books of the Worcester County and Hampden County Musical Associations, also from Lampadius's *Life of Mendelssohn*, and Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*; and grateful acknowledgment is rendered for this assistance and to all others who have lent their aid.—A. W. S.]



Monday Evening, April 22

First Concert.

HYMN OF PRAISE, a Symphonic Cantata, . . . *Mendelssohn.*

MISS ROSE STEWART, Soprano.

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, Contralto.

MR. BEN. DAVIES, Tenor.

MR. CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

CHORUS.

ORCHESTRA.





MEHNELSSOHN.



HYMN OF PRAISE.



MENDELSSOHN composed the Hymn of Praise for the fourth centennial celebration of the invention of printing by Guttenberg, which took place June 25, 1840. Although this occasion was celebrated in most of the large cities of Germany, it was especially observed in Leipsig, the seat of perhaps the largest printing establishments in the world. The performance took place in St. Thomas Church and was attended by a very distinguished and cultivated audience. After performances in England at the Birmingham Festival, and at Leipsig in October by special command of the King of Saxony, Mendelssohn began to make alterations and additions to the work, including in the latter, the entire scene of the "Watchman," which was suggested to him during a sleepless night in which the words "will the night soon pass" were constantly recurring to him. These alterations were so many and serious as to render valueless the plates of the original score which had been bought by Novello for £25. We know from Mendelssohn himself, the title Symphonic Cantata was given by Klingemann. When finally completed, it was given at the Gewandhaus, Leipsig, Dec. 3d, and again at the request of the King, Dec. 17th, who at the close of the performance quickly rose from his seat and hurried through the broad aisle to the orchestra and thanked the composer and performers in the kindest manner.

Lampadius, the biographer of Mendelssohn, says: "What Mendelssohn wished to do was to exhibit the grateful joy which must be felt at the victory of light over darkness. Of course, with his pious and believing nature there was no conception of any other victory than that of divine light over the hostile power of earthly darkness which loves the world more than it loves light. Thus was suggested the most manifest relation to the Guttenberg Festival as a memorial of that discovery which gave the divine light its widest and quickest course, and which, therefore, must be especially regarded as the gift of God. * * * I cannot agree with the critics who find in the 'Lobgesang' only an imitation of Beethoven's D minor Symphony, for, so far as concerns the inner character of both of these great works, they are as unlike as an Alpine landscape in its bright sunlight is to chaos after the creation, illumined by the first ray of divine light; as unlike as Michael Angelo's 'God the Father' to Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna.' * * * Mendelssohn seems to have wished to use on a large scale vocal music as a means of praise for so great a gift as the art of printing. The main thought of the work appears in the first movement in a clear delightful B major, represented by trombones and trumpets. This is immediately repeated by all the instruments and carried on in artistic involutions, but always with the same tumultuous and joyful acclaim. Even at that stage before the words, 'All that hath life' have been announced, the instrumental music has really uttered

FIRST CONCERT.

it so completely that its joyful inspiration must have been felt in advance. There follows immediately an *allegro agitato* passage, which pictures the struggle for light in a strain of mediæval romance, as it were, which reminds one of chivalry and monastic life. The pain of the soul thus struggling for existence, is immediately stayed by an *adagio religioso*, which seems to indicate the yearning after divine help and the entrance of divine light into the world of earthly darkness, and which thereby leads fittingly to the last movement, which, in a magnificent vocal chorus, takes up the first animating theme. In this, one distinctly hears a lovely soprano solo; this is followed by a lyric dramatic picture, and as in the '42d Psalm,' a voice is heard warning the others not to repress their cheerful joy in the help of the Lord, 'Sing ye praises'; this is followed by a duet, by two female voices, of deep and spiritual beauty. A wailing tenor takes up the theme and pictures the fearful condition before the divine help came: 'The sorrows of hell had closed all around me.' The thrice-repeated and soul-moving question, 'Watchman will the night soon pass?' is answered as with a voice from heaven: 'The night is departing,' and the whole choir takes up 'The night is passing, closing with the pious prayer 'Therefore, let us put off the works of darkness.' This double chorus which alternates in singing the words, 'The night is departing, the day is approaching,' is perhaps the grandest of its kind that has been written in modern times. This is appropriately followed by the choral accompanied by all the instruments: 'Let all men praise the Lord,' in which the unison in the second verse has a specially powerful effect. In order to give the work a suitable, beautiful ending, and at the same time worthily musical, there follows a charming duet, and then the whole force of voices and instruments takes up the closing number 'Ye nations, ye monarchs;' and so the cantata closes suitably and majestically. To me the 'Lobgesang' seems to be one of the greatest and most delightful of Mendelssohn's works, in which he has shown himself free from any constraining influences produced by earlier composers, and has brought his whole individuality into action in the most spontaneous manner. One does not know which to praise most, the clear delineation of the themes and the pious and spiritual delight in G'd, or the charming harmony and melody of tone in his work. The difficulty is the greater, perhaps, that each of these features is perfect in its kind, and all together make the great work it is admitted to be."

No. 1.—SYMPHONIA.

Maestoso con Moto.—Allegro.—Allegretto agitato.—Adagio religioso.

No. 2.—CHORUS.

All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord. Hallelujah.

Praise the Lord with lute and harp, in joyful song extol Him, and let all flesh magnify His might and His glory.

No. 2½.—SOLO (SOPRANO) AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and my inmost soul praise His great loving kindness.
Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and forget thou not all His benefits.

No. 3.—RECITATIVE.—(TENOR.)

Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, redeemed from the hand of the foe, from your distresses, from deep affliction: who sat in the shadow of death and darkness. All ye that cry in trouble unto the Lord, sing ye praise! give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

FIRST CONCERT.

AIR.

He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need. He comforts the bereaved with His regard. Sing ye praise, give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

No. 4.—CHORUS.

All ye that cried unto the Lord in distress and deep affliction. He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.

No. 5.—DUET (SOPRANO AND ALTO) AND CHORUS.

I waited for the Lord. He inclined unto me. He heard my complaint; O blessed are they that hope and trust in the Lord.

No. 6.—AIR.—(TENOR.)

The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness; but said the Lord, "Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest, I bring thee salvation."

RECITATIVE.

We called through the darkness, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The watchman only said, "Though the morning will come, the night will come also." Ask ye, enquire ye, ask if ye will, enquire ye, return again, ask, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"

No. 7.—SOLO AND CHORUS.

The night is departing, the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armour of light. The day is approaching, the night is departing.

No. 8.—CHORAL.

Glory and praise to God,
The Father, Son, be given,
And to the Holy Ghost.
On high enthron'd in Heaven.
Praise to the Three-One God:
With pow'rful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day;
Praise Him with grateful song.

Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending
On His most Holy Word,
Redeem'd from woe depending.
He gracious is and just,
From childhood us doth lead:
On Him we place our trust
And hope in time of need.

No. 9.—DUET (SOPRANO AND TENOR.)

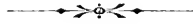
My song shall be alway Thy mercy, singing Thy praise. Thou only God, my tongue ever speak the goodness Thou hast done unto me.

I wander in night and foulest darkness, and mine enemies stand threatening around; yet called I upon the Name of the Lord, and He redeemed me with watchful goodness.

FIRST CONCERT.

No. 10.—CHORUS.

Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might.
Ye monarchs, offer to the Lord glory and might.
Thou heaven, offer to the Lord glory and might.
The whole earth, offer to the Lord glory and might.
O give thanks to the Lord, praise Him all ye people, and ever praise His Holy Name.
Sing ye the Lord, and ever praise His Holy Name.
All that hath life and breath, sing to the Lord.



PART II.

~ MISCELLANEOUS ~

OVERTURE, "Phèdre," *Massenet.*

Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet is one of the most prolific and distinguished of modern French composers. He was born at Montaud, May 12, 1842. He entered the Paris Conservatory when he was about ten years old. In 1859, he took first prize for pianoforte playing. Bazin, his first teacher of harmony, could not find talent in him, and dismissed him brutally from the class. The boy, discouraged, did not study theory for five years. Then he studied with Reber and with Ambroise Thomas. In 1863, he took the first prize for fugue writing and the first grand "Prize of Rome." He then went to Italy and travelled in Germany. In 1866 he returned to Paris, and since then his career has been one of great industry and eminent success. His chief works are the operas "Don César de Bazan," "Le roi de Lahore," "Manon Lescaut," "Le Cid," "Hérodiade," "Éclairmonde," "Le Mage," and "Werther"; the sacred dramas "Marie Magdeleine," "Eve," and "La Vierge"; the music to the tragedy "Les Erynies"; and five orchestral suites. He has also written the incidental music to plays, operettas, other orchestral pieces beside the suites mentioned, pianoforte pieces and songs. In 1878 he was named Professor of Composition at the Paris Conservatory. He is a member of the Institute. The concert overture "Phèdre" was written about 1870.

Phædra was the daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë. Theseus after the death of his wife Hippolyte (or as some say Antiope), by whom he had Hippolytus, married Phædra. She fell madly in love with her step-son who spurned her. Enraged, she brought accusations against him before Theseus, as if he had made improper proposals to her. Theseus cursed his son and begged his father Poseidon to destroy the youth. Once when Hippolytus was riding in his chariot along the sea coast, Poseidon sent a bull forth from the water. The horses were frightened. They upset the chariot, and Hippolytus was dragged until he was dead. Theseus afterwards learned the innocence of his son, and Phædra killed herself.

PIANO CONCERTO, *Grieg.*

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD.



WM. H. SHERWOOD.



ROSE STEWART.

FIRST CONCERT.

MAD SCENE, from "Lucia," *Donizetti.*

MISS ROSE STEWART.

(*Flute Obligato by Mr. Chas. K. North.*)

SCENE AND AIR.

LUCIA.

On my ear softly falls his sweet voice
beseeching

Ah! voice beloved my heart's depths even
reaching!

Thine, Edgar, once more behold me!

Yes, Edgar, ah mine own dear Edgar!

Thine own behold me, no more thy foes a
captive hold me.

A captive hold me.

Cold shudders o'er my frame seem to creep.
Trembles each member--falter my steps,

Near yonder fountain sit thou a while
beside me.

Yes, near yonder fountain sit thou a while
beside me.

Ah, me! see yonder phantom so dreaded,
Rise now to part us!

Ah! me! Alas! Dear Edgar! Dear Edgar!

Ah! See yon phantom! See yon phantom
rise to part us.

Yet shall we meet, dear Edgar, before the
altar, deck'd forth with roses!

Hark to those strains celestial,
Say, dost thou hear them.

Ah! 'Tis the nuptial hymn sounding!

Ah! Ah! 'Tis the nuptial hymn sounding.
The rites are for us preparing: Ah, joy

unbounded!

Dear Edgar, dear Edgar, ah, joy unbounded!

This bliss our hearts o'er flowing
This bliss our hearts o'er flowing. What
words can measure?

The incense rises.

Brightly shine forth the tapers shedding
their lustre.

Comes forth the priest now--
Stretch forth now thy right hand.--

Ah! day of gladness!

Thine am I ever--thou mine for ever!

Heav'n makes me thine now,
Heav'n makes me thine for ever!

Dearest the world's each pleasure, yes, the
world's each pleasure,

Henceforth with thee now sharing, with
thee, with thee,

Life shall resemble, life shall resemble, a
treasure

On us by heav'n bestowed, on us bestowed,
on us bestow'd,

By heav'n a treasure on us bestowed,

By heav'n a treasure on us bestow'd, a treas-
ure bestow'd.

* * * * *

What would'st thou? What wouldst thou?
Ah! most wretched me! Look not thus
fierce with anger,--

Yes, truly 'twas I that paper sign'd!

Yes, yes, yes, most truly.

He in his over whelming wrath stamp'd
On that sacred token--then gave me his
curse!

A victim I to a most cruel brother!

Yet, ne'er I've ceas'd to love thee, to love
thee dear Edgar.

Yes, ne'er I've ceas'd to love thee, and love
thee still,

Edgar dearest.

Ah, yes, I swear it, ah yes, I swear it. I love
thee still,

I love thee still, I love thee still, I love
thee still,

Ah, I love thee, love thee, I love thee, I love
thee, love thee still.

Ah, thou hast nam'd him! This Arthur?
Thou hast nam'd him this Arthur?

Ah, do not fly! Leave me not thus!

In pity's name leave me not, no, not thus,
not thus--

* * * * *

Ah, no, do not fly, dear Edgar.

FIRST CONCERT.

While thy salt tears are flowing,
On the turf o'er me growing;
I with the pow'rs of heaven will intercede,
intercede for thee.
Fresh joy will heaven's bliss leaven.
When there thy form I see, ah yes, ah
yes, ah yes,
What joy when there thy form. What joy,
yes what joy.
What joy for me!

* * * * *
Ah! While thy salt tears are flowing,
On the turf o'er me growing,

I with the pow'rs of heaven will intercede,
intercede for thee.
Fresh joy will heaven's bliss leaven,
When there thy form I see,
Ah yes, ah yes, ah yes.
What joy when there thy form I see, I see,
Ah yes, ah yes, ah yes. what joy
Yes what joy, what joy for me.
Ah what joy then with thee to be with thee.
What joy then with thee to be, with thee
to be,
What joy then with thee to be, what joy
with thee to be.

PERPETUAL MOTION, *Paganini.*
PLAYED BY ALL THE FIRST VIOLINS.

RECITATIVE, "Deeper and Deeper Still," } (Jephtha), . . . *Handel.*
ARIA, "Waft Her, Angels," }

MR. BEN. DAVIES.

"Jephtha" is Handel's last great work, last in the line of noble oratorios, which are his eternal monument. Owing to the increasing infirmities of old age (Handel was sixty-six), particularly impaired vision, this work was completed after many interruptions, the whole occupying the greater part of the year 1751. Not so with the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," which, as amateurs know, were each written in a few days. The autograph score of "Jephtha," more than any other in the Handel collection preserved in London, bears the marks of Handel's indecision, yet the work is esteemed one of his most perfect oratorios. Rockstro remarks concerning the autograph of the selection sung today, which for a generation has been in the concert repertory: "'Deeper and Deeper Still,' in the second part, completed in February, 1751, bears all the appearance of having been written under the effect of continuous inspiration; whereas 'Waft Her, Angels,' in the third part, written after the composer's return from Cheltenham, contains long passages which have been crossed out, and recomposed, after more than one change of invention induced by evident dissatisfaction with the original idea."

RECITATIVE.

Deeper and deeper still thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my faltering tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it the raging winds
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking. Yet—have I not vowed?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps.
Like Chemosh and such fabled deities?



BEN DAVIES.

FIRST CONCERT.

Ah, no! Heav'n heard my thoughts and wrote them down.
It must be so. 'Tis this that racks my brain
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs
That lash me into madness. Horrid thought!
My only daughter, so dear a child,
Doom'd by a father! Yes, the vow is past,
And Gilead bath triumph'd o'er his foes! —
Therefore, to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

ARIA.

Waft her, Angels, through the sky,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, forever reign.

ARIA, from "Carmen," *Bizet.*

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

HABERNERA.

Love will like a wild birdling fly
Careering whither he may choose,
Vainly to him for help we cry,
If 'tis his fancy to refuse.
He cares little for pray'r or threat.
One speaks, another mute may be,
'Tis this other I choose, and yet
I know not why he pleases me,
O love, O love, O love, O love,
When love unfurls his wing above thee
For wondrous, wondrous magic then prepare;
Thou lov'st me not, yet I may love thee,
And if I love thee, then beware.
Thou lov'st me not,
Thou lov'st me not, and yet, and yet I love thee,
And if I love thee, if I love thee, beware, beware.

Thou lov'st me not, thou lov'st me not and yet, and yet I love thee
And if I love thee, beware, beware.

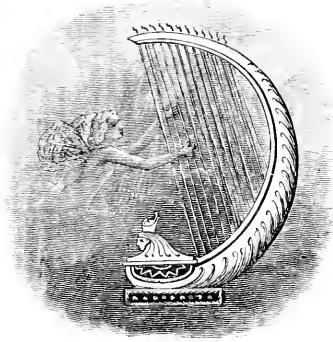
When we think that the bird is caught,
He takes his flight, nor heeds our tears,
Always absent when he is sought,
Expect him not, and he appears.

FIRST CONCERT.

Hov'ring round us, by night and day
He comes, then goes, returns at last :
Try to seize him, he flies away,
Avoid him, he will hold thee fast.
O love, O love, O love, O love.
When love unfurls his wings above thee,
For wondrous, wondrous magic then prepare :
Thou lov'st me not, yet I may love thee,
And if I love thee then beware.
Thou lov'st me not, thou lov'st me not and yet, and yet I love thee
And if I love thee, beware, beware.

OVERTURE, "Jubel," *Weber.*

ORCHESTRA.





MRS. JENNIE FAIRICK-WALKER.



~ Tuesday Afternoon, April 23. ~
~ ~ ~

Second Concert.

~ ~ ~

OVERTURE, "Flying Dutchman," *Wagner.*

ORCHESTRA.

BALLAD, (Senta), and Spinning Chorus from "Flying Dutchman," *Wagner.*

MRS. J. P. WALKER AND LADIES' CHORUS.

The Flying Dutchman.

Daland, a Norwegian skipper, driven to a barren gulf by stress of weather, meets with a ship of strange appearance. On questioning the captain of his whereabouts, he learns how he, a Dutch seaman, in endeavoring once to round a cape in a fearful storm had defied even Satan to prevent him, whereupon the fiend, as a punishment for his daring, doomed him to wander forever on the ocean. Once in seven years he is allowed to touch land for a brief period, during which time his doom is alleviated by the hope of meeting with some woman so devoted as to yield herself up to him and thus break the spell. Daland, moved by the doleful tale and tempted by the sight of the treasure shown by the Dutchman, offers him hospitality in his home and his daughter Senta for a wife. Arrived at Daland's home, Senta is struck with the appearance of the stranger. She had long known the legend of the Flying Dutchman and felt pity for the ill-fated seaman. All being prepared for the nuptials, Senta has an interview with her former lover, Erik, and bids him farewell; but the Dutchman, surprising them and mistaking their meeting for an exchange of love, conceives himself betrayed, whereupon he rushes on board his ship and sets sail. Senta, finding all explanation and entreaty vain, throws herself into the sea and tries to follow her betrothed. By this act of devotion the spell is broken, the phantom ship sinks with her crew, and the Dutchman, emerging from the waves with Senta in his arms, is saved.

The overture expresses in a vigorous fashion the stormy life of the Dutchman. The beautiful second theme which also appears in the Ballad is in strong contrast with the rest, including as it does the possibility and hope of being saved from his sad fate.

SECOND CONCERT.

BALLAD.

Yohohoe! Yohohoe! Yohohoe! Yohohoe!
Saw ye the ship on the raging deep,
Blood red the canvas, black the mast?
On board unceasing watch doth keep the vessel's master pale and aghast!
Hui! How roars the wind! Yohohoe!
Hui! How bends the mast! Yohohoe!
Hui! Like an arrow she flies, without aim, without goai, without rest!
Yet can the spectre seaman be freed from the curse infernal,
Find he a woman on earth who'll pledge him her love eternal?
Ah! that the poor spectre seaman may find her!
Pray that Heaven may soon in pity grant him this boon!

Once round a cape he wished to sail,
'Gainst adverse winds and raging sea:
He cursed: "Tho' hell himself prevail.
I'll sail on till eternity!"
Hui! and Satan heard! Yohohoe!
Hui! and took his word!
And accursed he now sails thro' the sea, without aim, without rest!
But that the spectre seaman be freed from lasting damnation.
Heaven shall send him an angel to bring him peace and salvation.
Oh! if thou couldst, spectre seaman, but find her!
Pray that Heaven may soon in pity grant him this boon!

SPINNING CHORUS.

Hum, hum, hum, good wheel be whirling,
Gaily, gaily, turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,

My love now sails on distant seas;
His faithful heart for home doth yearn;
Couldst thou, good wheel, but give the breeze.
My love would soon to me return!

Spin, spin, spin, we duly
Hum, hum wheel, go truly!
Tra la ra, la la la la!
Ah! duly, duly are they spinning!
Each girl a sweetheart would be winning!
Dame Mary, hush! for well you know

Our song as yet must onward go!
Then sing! yet ply a busy wheel.
But wherefore Senta art thou still?

Hum, hum, hum good wheel be whirling,
Gaily, gaily turn thee round!
Spin, spin, spin, the threads be twirling,
Turn good wheel with humming sound.

On distant seas my love doth sail;
In southern lands much gold he wins;
Then turn good wheel, nor tire, nor fail;
The gold for her who duly spins!
Tra la ra, la la la la!

BALLET MUSIC, "Henry VIII," *German.*

(a.) Morris Dance.

(b.) Shepherdess Dance.

(c.) Torch Dance.

ORCHESTRA.



V. V. ROGERS.

SECOND CONCERT.

HARP SOLO, *Morceau Caracteristique*, *Aptomas.*

MR. V. V. ROGERS.

ARIA, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," from "Eli," *Costa.*

MRS. J. P. WALKER.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, of an old Spanish family, was born at Naples, February 10, 1810. He was a prolific composer, and wrote several operas, ballets and oratorios, three symphonies and other music. He was very celebrated as a conductor of opera, orchestra and chorus, and held many positions from 1830 to the time of his death, April 29, 1884. Among these he was conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, the Handel Festivals, and the Birmingham Festival. His oratorios "Eli" and "Naaman" were composed for the latter. "Eli" was first performed in 1855. His reappearance at the Birmingham Festival in 1882, after a long illness, excited unbounded enthusiasm in a magnificent performance of "Elijah," and he was a conspicuous figure in the audience at the first performance of Gounod's "Redemption" the next day. His oratorio of "Naaman" is well known in New Bedford, having been performed several times by the Association.

I will extol Thee, O Lord,
For Thou hast lifted me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
I cried unto Thee and Thou hast healed me,
Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing and girded me with gladness;
I will extol Thee, O Lord,
For Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

I cried unto Thee and Thou has healed me,
Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing and girded me with gladness;
And girded me with gladness; to the end
That my glory may sing praise to Thee, O Lord my God;
I will give thanks, I will give thanks unto Thee forever,
O Lord, my God, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever.

ENTRE ACTE, "Gwendoline," *Chabrier.*

ORCHESTRA.

ALEXIS EMMANUEL CHABRIER, a French composer, born at Ambert, (Puy de Dôme), January 18, 1841, first took up music as an amateur while studying law in Paris. Later on he devoted himself entirely to music, and has written a number of works which have met with success. Among these is a rhapsodie on original Spanish airs called "España," which was performed at the Chateau d' Eau, where he was chorus master during 1884-5. While there he also produced selections from his opera "Gwendoline," which was performed entire in Brussels April 10, 1886. He brought out a more extensive work, "Le Roi malgré lui," at the Opera Comique in Paris, May 18, 1887, which after three performances was stopped by fire May 25, but put on the boards again the following December. He is a gifted composer, although his works lack somewhat in spontaneity.

SECOND CONCERT.

FORTY-SECOND PSALM, "As the Hart pants," *Mendelssohn.*

MRS. J. P. WALKER, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

"Never has the soul's yearning after God been spoken out in tones more searching and tender. After the chorus has uttered this passionate longing in those noble words so grandly set to music in this piece, 'As the hart pants after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, O God!' a delicate soprano solo, 'For my soul thirsteth,' takes up a slow strain full of the inmost tenderness of longing. Then follows a chorus of women's voices, justifying as it were, her who has just sung, and giving more express utterance to what all feel in the words, 'For I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God,'—a passage which, by its march movement, suggests a light-hearted walk to the temple of God. Then comes a chorus of men's voices, uttering words both of admonition and consolation: 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God.' But that first plaintive woman's cry, justifying its very wail by its eager desire to enjoy the presence of God, is heard in yet sharper and distincter tones: 'O my God! my soul is cast down within me; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.' Then strikes in, accompanied by stringed instruments, a noble quartet of men's voices, full of consolation and truthful faith: 'Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day time; and in the night his song shall be with me.' Yet with their voices still mingles that plaintive soprano strain, almost wailing, in its extreme sadness; till, at the end, the whole choir of men and women take up the opening passage again with the full confidence of belief and hope in God, and close with an ascription of praise to the Lord God of Israel. The whole makes a brief but complete religious tone—drama, as it may be called."

No. 1.—CHORUS.

As the Hart pants after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for Thee O God.

No. 2.—ARIA.

For my soul thirsteth for God, Yea, for the living God! When shall I come to appear before the presence of God? For my soul thirsteth for God.

No. 3.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God? Now when I think thereupon I pour out my heart by myself. For I had gone forth most gladly with the people, and to lead them forth to Jehovah's temple in the voice of praise and gladness, like as a people keeping holiday.

No. 4.—CHORUS.

Why, my soul, art thou so vexed, and why art thou cast down in me? Trust thou in God, for I will yet give Him great thanks, thanks for the help of His good countenance.

No. 5.—RECITATIVE.

My God, within me is my soul cast down; therefore will I remember Thee, at the mighty noise of the waters, deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of the waterspouts, all. Thy waves and all thy billows are gone over me. My God, within me is my soul cast down.

SECOND CONCERT.

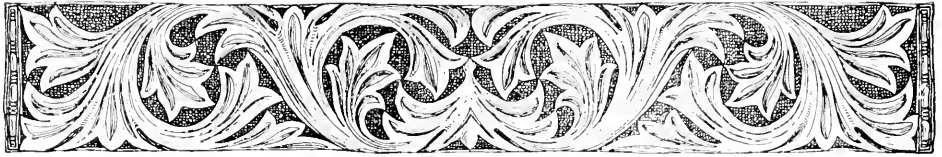
No. 6.—QUINTETTE.

The Lord hath commanded his kindness in the day time, in the night did I sing of Him, and made my prayers to God the God of my life. My God, within me is my soul cast down, Why hast Thou thy servant forgotten? Why go I on thus heavily? Why hast Thou thy servant forgotten? Ah, why, while my foe prevails.

No. 7.—CHORUS.

Why, my soul, art thou so vexed, and why art thou cast down in me? Trust thou in God, for I will yet give Him great thanks, thanks for the help of His good countenance. Prais'd be the Lord, the God of Israel, from henceforth now and evermore.





Tuesday Evening, April 23

Third Concert.

SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, *L'Arlesienne*, *Bizet*.

Prelude.

Menuet.

Adagietto.

Carillon.

ALEXANDRE CÉSAR LEOPOLD BIZET, more commonly known as Georges Bizet, was born in Paris, Oct. 25, 1838. He entered the Paris Conservatory when he was nine years old. He studied the pianoforte under Marmontel, the organ under Benoist, harmony under Zimmermann, and composition under Halévy. When he was fourteen, he divided the first prize for pianoforte playing with Savary. He was always a pianist of the first rank and remarkable as a reader of scores. In 1855 he took the first prizes for organ and fugue. In 1857 he was awarded the first grand "prize of Rome." On his return from Italy he busied himself with composition. His chief works are the operas, "*Les Pêcheurs de perles*" (1863); "*La jolie fille de Perth*" (1867); "*Djamileh*" (1872); "*Carmen*" May 3, (1875); the music to Daudet's play "*L'Arlesienne*," the symphony "*Roma*" and the overture "*Patrie*." He wrote songs and pianoforte pieces.

"*Carmen*" was declared a failure in Paris after its first production, and disappointment and overwork aggravated a trouble of the heart, from which Bizet suffered. He died suddenly at Bougival, near Paris, June 3, 1875. He was married in 1869 to the daughter of Halévy. Bizet was a man of generous feeling, wit, intelligence, and irreproachable character. He was a faithful friend and a devoted husband. As a musician he was individual, skilled, and endowed with a keen dramatic sense. His death was a sad blow to the progress of operatic art not only in France but throughout the world.

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"Carmen" is regarded by the multitude as his masterpiece; but there are judges of repute who find in the music to "L'Arlésienne" the fulness of his genius; — genius is not too strong a word, for Bizet was more than a musician of talent.

The suite "L'Arlésienne" is not a suite in the technical use of the word; and a more appropriate title would be "Incidental music to the Maiden of Arles." In 1872 Carvalho was manager of the Vaudeville Theatre. He wished to revive the *melodrama*; and he chose Alphonse Daudet as the writer of the text and thought of Bizet as the musician. Such combinations of dialogue and music were esteemed before "L'Arlésienne." There is, for example, Beethoven's music to "Egmont," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Mendelssohn, "Struensee" of Meyerbeer, "Manfred" of Schumann, "Deux Reines" of Gounod, "Les Érynnies" of Massenet.

Daudet's work is neither a comedy nor a drama; it is a simple piece, "adorned with poetic episodes of an exquisite flavor. A young farmer, Frédéric, is madly in love with a girl of Arles. He is on the point of marrying her when it is discovered that she is an infamous woman. The unfortunate young man tries to forget her, but it is in vain. He wishes to love Vivette, a charming girl whom he has known from the time they played together, but the recollection of the cursed Arlésienne paralyses his love making and keeps alive his sorrow. One night while the peasants celebrate the festival of Saint-Eloi and dance the farandole he throws himself out of the loft of the farm-house, and breaks his skull on the pavement of the court.

The music to this play consists of 24 numbers. It was written originally for the orchestra of the Vaudeville, which according to Adolphe Jullien was made up as follows: 7 violins, no second violins, 2 violas, 5 cellos, 2 double basses, 1 flute, 1 oboe, a cornet à piston, 2 horns, 2 bassoons, kettle drums, harmonium and pianoforte. The harmonium was behind the scenes, and it was played by Bizet and at times by Guiraud. The orchestra was directed by Constantin.

The first performance of the play was Oct. 1, 1872. The play was a failure, and it only ran 15 nights. Daudet and Bizet were behind the curtain, and they were surprised at the noise of slammed doors, the loud talking during the prelude and the entr'actes. There were different opinions concerning the merits of the music. One critic thought that the musician had effaced himself behind the dramatist. Reyher and Weber praised the work of Bizet.

This suite taken from the incidental music was re-written by Bizet for concert use, and he changed the instrumentation, arranging it for a full orchestra. It was first played in its new form at a Concert Pasdeloup, Nov. 10, 1871. When the drama itself was revived, and with success, at the Odéon in May, 1885, the second instrumentation of Bizet was used by Colonne who directed the orchestra. A second suite from the music of "L'Arlésienne" was arranged by Ernest Guiraud.

Camille Bellaigue protests against the separation of the music from the drama: "As if one could detach the colors from the canvas; as if the supreme beauty of these melodies, these ritournelles, these chords (for sometimes they are only chords) did not consist in their rigid adherence, so to speak, to the situations, the words and the gestures.

The first part of the *Overture-Prélude* is formed out of the theme of an old Provencal *Noël*, (or Christmas song), known as the *Marcho dei Rei*, the March of the kings, the words of which are attributed to King René. The melody is two centuries older, and its real name is the March of Turenne. It is a rude song at first, a large unison of the strings without a harmonic frame. The theme is then softened by melancholy harmonies. "It is given twice in the minor at first almost vaguely, then worked by the shiverings of the drums. It then

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appears in the major, bold almost defiant, as at the beginning." The second part of the Prelude is composed of two distinct ideas that play a great part in the drama. The first of these themes is the music of the Innocent, the poor brother of Frédéri, whose reason slumbers, only awakened by the tragic death of the passionate young man. "One does not find to-day melodies of fifteen or twenty measures, designed with such grace, such elegant inflections, such an exquisite contour. Sweet and sympathetic is this theme, veiled by the sonority of the saxophone with a shadow of mysterious melancholy." The second idea is the passion of Frédéri, a stronger, more terrible lament, which finally cries out in agony, until the orchestra is in convulsive sobs.

The *Intermezzo*, generally known as the *Menuet des Vieillards* or the *Menuet Valse*, was intended to have the characteristic pace, slightly mannered, slightly old-fashioned, of the menuet. The phrase in A flat, which forms the middle part, "expresses well the gentle and resigned tenderness of two aged lovers in the drama, who interchange souvenirs full of subdued emotion." It is given to the 'cellos, and the violins envelope the theme in capricious arabesques. Balthazer, the old shepherd, and Mère Renaud, the grandmother of Vivette, had loved each other in their youth, but she was the wife of another and he had fled from her. They meet for the first time in many years, although they had not been widely separated by distance, at the betrothal of Frédéri and Vivette. When they recognize each other the rest of the people on the stage step aside respectfully, and during the following dialogue the muted strings play the inexpressibly tender and pathetic *adagietto*.

BALTHAZER.

"God keep you, Renaud!"

MÈRE RENAUD.

"Oh! . . . O my poor Balthazer!"

BALTHAZER (in a low voice).

"It's my fault. I knew that you were coming. I should not have staid here."

MÈRE RENAUD.

"Why not? to keep your oath? Bah! that is not worth the trouble. God does not wish that we should die without our having seen each other again, and for this reason he has put love into the hearts of these two children. He owed us this as a reward for our courage."

BALTHAZER.

"Yes, there was need of courage; often in leading my beasts, I saw the smoke of your house, and it said to me 'Come! She is here!'"

MÈRE RENAUD.

"And when I heard your dogs bark and I recognized afar off your great cloak, it took all my might to keep me from running to you. Now our sorrow is over, and we can look at each other without blushing. Balthazer?"

BALTHAZER.

"Renaud?"

MÈRE RENAUD.

"Would you be ashamed to kiss me, now that I am old and wrinkled?"



MADAME NORDICA.

THIRD CONCERT.

BALTHAZER.

“ Oh ! ”

MERE RENAUD.

“ Well ! Press me close to your heart, my brave good man. I have owed you this kiss of friendship for fifty years.”

The *Carillon* is the instrumental prelude to the fourth tableau. It is a tour de force. G sharp, E, F sharp, the three tones of bells are heard constantly for fifty-two measures in three-four time, and against these three tones are “capricious designs, picturesque arabesques” which form strange harmonies, giving piquant or wild effects.

ARIA, “ Reginella,” *Braga.*

MR. W. H. RIEGER.

GAETANO BRAGA, an Italian cello virtuoso, and writer of songs and operas that were quite successful among the Latin nations, was born June 9, 1829. “ Reginella ” was brought out in 1862.

ARIA, from “ The Queen of Sheba,” *Gounod.*

MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.

Gounod's opera “ La Reine de Saba ” was first given at the Paris Opéra, February 28, 1862. The libretto of *Barbiere* and *Carré* was derived from an Arabian legend told by Gérard de Nerval. Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, visits Solomon. She falls violently and suddenly in love with Adoniram, a master workman, in the employ of the King, although she has given previously a ring to Solomon in pledge of her faith. Adoniram is killed by discontented workmen, and Balkis is left to mourn him.

The opera was a dismal failure, although in Belgium and Germany it met with a better fate. An adaptation of it, “ Irene,” was given in London. Gounod was sensitive concerning his misfortune : and he said to a critic whom he met in Baden-Baden, “ I am in mourning ; I have lost a woman whom I loved deeply. The Queen of Sheba.” It was in a dispute at Baden-Baden over the merits of this same opera that Bizet, a warm admirer of Gounod, challenged Paccini to a duel, and was only dissuaded by the entreaties of the composer of the attacked music.

After the ballet music in the second act, Balkis is alone in a grove of cedar trees. She sings the following cavatina, which, as well as two or three other instrumental and vocal numbers, has outlived the opera. The cavatina was sung originally by Mrs. Gueymard.

I am at last alone !

What a fiery ardor within the eyes of this stranger appears !

How his pride and his courage in the danger past thrilled through my inmost spirit !

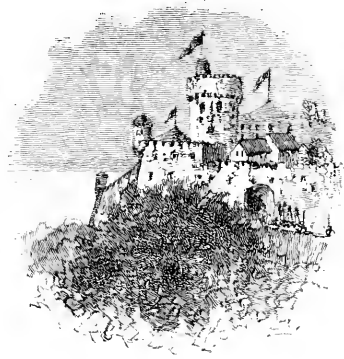
And must a queen, alas ! still all woman's emotion ?

THIRD CONCERT.

More regal in his low estate
Than kings in richest robes appearing;
In his heart no thought of fearing
Did he stand, king-like, proud, elate!
O fatal vow, this fretting!
Be now resigned, my heart, forgetting!
Evermore shall I see him stand
With his arm the angry tumult stilling.
The power of the king withstand
The Royal breast with terror filling.
Evermore shall I him behold
The genius of his soul revealing
When moulding porphyry and gold
He wakened tones of matchless feeling.
When amid the flames he passed.
They sank in homage to his power.
At my feet when he lay at last
In my heart blooms love's fair flower.

BALLAD, "Lovely Rosabelle," *Chadwick.*

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, MR. RIEGER.
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.



"LOVELY ROSABELLE."

(The poem by Sir Walter Scott.)

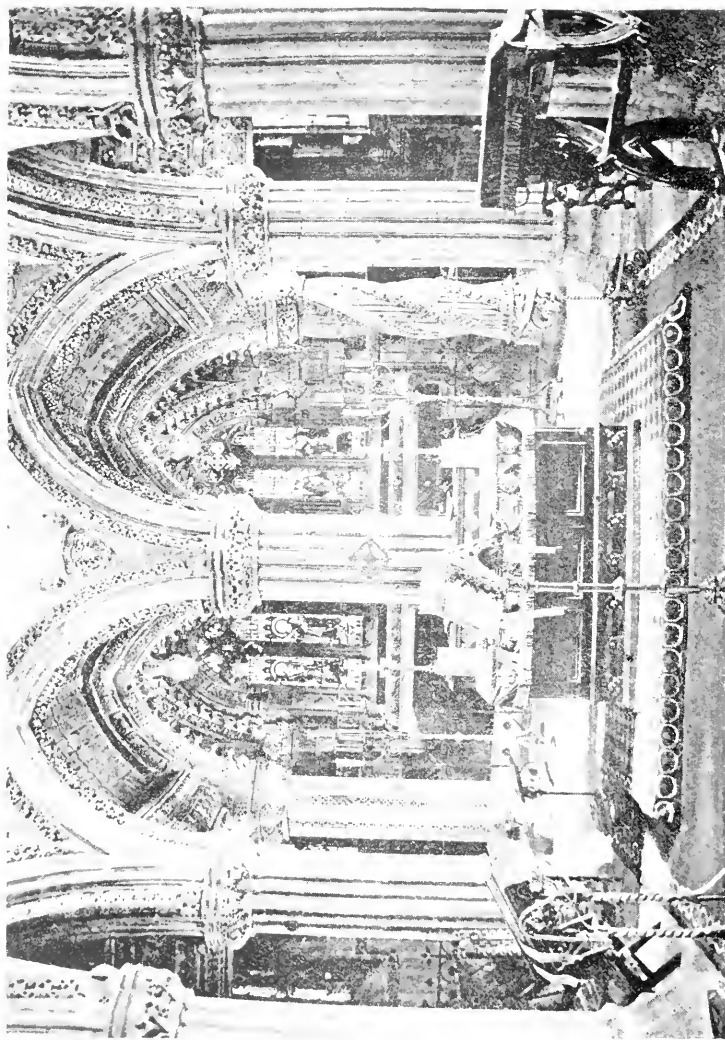
TENOR SOLO.

Now listen, ladies gay,
No haughty feat of arms I tell;

Soft is the note and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.



J. W. CHADWICK.



INTERIOR OF ROSLIN CHAPEL.

THIRD CONCERT.

CHORUS.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch.
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The black'ning wave is edged with white :
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite.
Whose screams forebodes that wreck is
nigh.

Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch,
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?

SOPRANO SOLO.

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.

CHORUS.

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's eastled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,—
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak.
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale.
Shone every pillar foliage bound.
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea caves rung, and the wild waves
sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

This ballad, sung by Harold in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is founded on the tradition that Roslin Castle, the ancestral home of the St. Clairs, appears to be enveloped in flames whenever any of the family are about to meet their fate. This is referred to in the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th stanzas of the poem. The ballad, as set by Mr. Chadwick, opens with a short recitative for the tenor voice, suggestive of the preliminary address of the minstrel to the assembled company of lords and ladies.

The musical treatment of the words is characteristic and strongly dramatic. Some ten bars of introduction brings in a striking theme in C minor with a sharp rhythmic punctuation but lightly scored for muted strings, wood (without oboes), and trombones. A tenor solo recites *ad libitum* the first stanza of the poem, while the orchestra works up the theme. The music rises to a fortissimo and sinks back again to silence; the tenor voice is heard alone, sadly and softly chanting, "The lay that mourns the lovely Rosabelle"; he ceases, and a few taps on the drums complete the musical picture. The strings, no longer muted, rush up in

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ascending figures, and the chorus, now accompanied by the full orchestra, begins its first number, "Moor, moor the barge." The theme is interesting and the instrumentation is calculated to heighten the effect. The words, "The black'ning wave is edged with white," are introduced by the basses and the other voices follow in imitation, accompanied by the strings, partly tremolando and partly pizzicato and light staccato notes to the wood wind. The accompaniment becomes fuller and richer after the mysterious words, "Last night the gifted seer," *sotto voce* in the altos and tenors, and after a crescendo the original theme in E-flat major is again reached, and the first phrases are repeated with the same closing cadences as before.

The second number, so to speak, which follows immediately without any pause, is a soprano solo accompanied by a considerably reduced orchestra. Taken as an individual movement this is perhaps the gem of the whole work. It is wholly Scotch in feeling, and yet quite free from imitation or plagiarism, and its rich melody is admirably framed and set off by the skilful instrumentation. Four bars of introduction, most effectively scored for the wood wind and the strings (tremolo), bring on the second chorus.

The next five stanzas are treated as a tone picture of the conflagration. Beginning with mysterious chords from the wind instruments, it gradually works up to a climax for the full orchestra with the chorus in unison, the surging flames being suggested by the flickering violin figure. The last two lines of the poem are repeated by the chorus, accompanied by the original motive of the introduction, the words, "The sea caves rung, and the wild waves sung," being treated as a cadence, with the tenors above the altos. The music dies away in a long sustained chord of C major, accompanied by a few taps of the drums.

ARIA, from "La Juive," *Halévy.*

MR. WM. H. CLARKE.

If laws severe, if persecution
Cause them to hate our holy laws
Let pardon free, let love forgiving,
Oh Lord recall their erring souls to thee.

Let us remember the words of our Lord
And open our arms to the child that has erred.
Let us remember the words of our Lord
And welcome home every child that has erred.

SCENE from "The Maid of Orleans," *Tschaikowsky.*

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN.

PETER ILTITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY, one of the most remarkable Russian composers, was born April 25, 1840, at Wotkinsk in the Ural District. He entered the School of Jurisprudence at St. Petersburg, and having completed the prescribed course in 1859, was appointed to a post in the Ministry of Justice. In 1862, when the Conservatory of Music was founded at St. Petersburg, he left the service of the state and entered the new school as a student of music. He remained there until 1865, having studied composition under Anton Rubinstein. In 1866



WM. H. CLARKE.



GERTRUDE MAY STEIN

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Nicholas Rubinstein invited him to take the post of Professor of Harmony, Composition and the History of Music at the new Conservatory at Moscow, a position he held for twelve years. From 1878 to the time of his death, he devoted himself entirely to composition. Among a long list of his compositions are five Symphonies, three Suites and many other works for orchestra, eight Operas, two Concertos for piano and orchestra, Sonatas, String Quartets, etc. The Maid of Orleans was brought out in 1881.

Tschaikowsky makes frequent use of the rhythm and tunes of Russian People's songs and dances, occasionally also of certain quaint harmonic sequences peculiar to Russian church music. His compositions more or less bear the impress of the Slavonic temperament, fiery exaltation on a basis of languid melancholy. He is fond of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulations and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns, and exuberant figuration, and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration. His music everywhere makes the impression of spontaneous originality.

The circumstances of his death, which took place last summer, were particularly sad. He was in the company of some friends, when a toast was proposed. Tschaikowsky took up a glass of water and raised it to his lips. "Don't drink that," said one of the company, "there's cholera in it." Laughing it off however he did so, but alas, it was too true, and in a few hours he was dead.

Johanna's Farewell to her Home.

Yes, so God wills. I must obey the divine command of the Madonna. Only why do I feel so anxious in my heart? Why tremble so? Why does my soul quake?

Farewell ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For aye Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell ye grottoes, and ye crystal springs!
Johanna goes and ne'er returns again.
Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfined!
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summoned hence, another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest:
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast,
Madonna, to thee is my soul open,
Thou see'st it tremble, thou see'st it grieve.

(Words in part from Schiller.)

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PIZZICATI, *Latann.*

ORCHESTRA.

TRIO from "Faust," *Gounod.*

MADAME NORDICA. MR. RIEGER. MR. CLARKE.

The story of Faust is so well known, it is not necessary to repeat it here. This trio is sung in the prison cell of Margherita, where she has been thrown for killing her child in a fit of frenzy. Faust has obtained access to the cell by the supernatural aid of Mefistofele, who both urge her to fly, but Margherita, in whom holier feelings have gained the ascendant, spurns their proffered assistance and places her reliance in repentance and prayer.

MEF.—Then leave her, or remain to your shame.

If it please you to stay

Mine is no more the game!

MAR.—Who is there? Dost thou see, there is the shadow.

With an eye like a coal of fire.

What does he here, he who forbids me to pray?

MEF.—Let us go, ere with dawn doth justice come on!

Hark! the horses panting in the courtyard below,

To bear us away!

Come ere 'tis day, or stay and behold her undone!

MAR.—Away! thou fiend, away!

For I will pray!

FAUST.—Come mine own, ere 'tis too late to save thee!

MAR.—Holy angel, in Heaven blessed,

My spirit longs with thee to rest!

Great Heaven, pardon grant, I implore thee.

For soon shall I appear before thee!

Save me! ere I perish forever,

To my despair, give ear I pray thee!

FAUST.—Come! lean on my breast.

The early dawn is gray!

Come! I'm here to save thee!

BARCAROLLE, "A Night in Lisbon," *Saint-Saëns.*

ORCHESTRA.



JULES JORDAN.

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PATRIOTIC BALLAD, "Barbara Frietchie," *Jules Jordan.*

MADAME NORDICA.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

Conducted by the Composer.

MR. JULES JORDAN is well known throughout the country as an artist of sterling worth. Born in Willimantic, Conn., in 1850, he early showed evidence of talent, and on removing to Providence he found opportunity for study and development. He made a thorough study of singing in this country, and abroad with William Shakespeare of London and Signor Sbriglia of Paris, and has appeared as tenor soloist with uniform success in all the principal cities in this country. He was selected by the late Dr. Damrosch to create the tenor part in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," and has sung it repeatedly in New York, Boston, Worcester and many other places. Fully occupied as he has been for years in the various branches of his profession, his field of labor is constantly enlarging, especially in conducting, for which he has great ability and in which he has achieved signal success. His work with the Arion Club of Providence is well known. "Barbara Frietchie" was composed last year, and was first produced at the opening of the Auditorium in Pawtucket by the Arion Club. Mr. Jordan has caught the spirit of the words, and produced some quite dramatic effects.

The measured tread of the rebel soldiers, marching up the street to the tune of "Dixie"; the sudden halt! fire! the vigorous shaking of the old flag over their heads by Dame Barbara are quite graphic. Nor are there wanting touches of tenderness in the beautiful picture of the sunset glow lighting up the torn folds of the dear old flag with a "warm good night."

The work ends with the closing bars of the "Star Spangled Banner" in broad majestic swing, which sends a thrill of enthusiasm through the hearer.

A few words about the music of the "Star Spangled Banner" may not be inappropriate here. We have borrowed it from the English, the original being styled "Anacreon in Heaven," written by Samuel Arnold, a distinguished composer, born in London in 1740. It was the constitutional song of the Anacreontic Society, composed of noblemen and other wealthy amateurs, who held meetings and concerts towards the latter part of the last century. After the concerts a supper was held, and this song was sung by the president or his deputy; and all sorts of catches and glees were sung by eminent vocalists of the day. Our words "The Spangled Banner" were written by Francis Scott Key. A patriotic song called "Adams and Liberty," written by Robert Treat Paine, had previously been sung to the same air.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn.	On that pleasant morn of the early fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.	Over the mountains winding down, Horse and foot into Frederick town.
Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree fruited deep.	Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars.
Fair as the garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,	Flapped in the morning wind: the sun Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

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Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten :

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

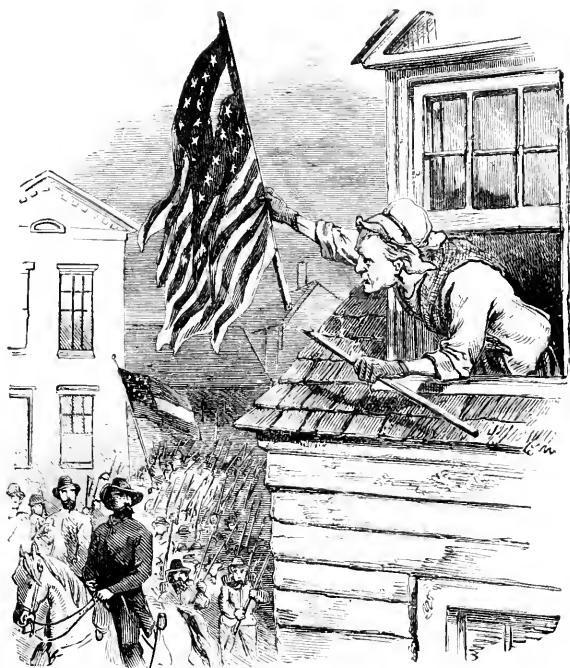
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash :
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.



She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came :

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

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And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!
— *John G. Whittier.*

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS used at all Festival Concerts.





Wednesday Afternoon, April 24

Fourth Concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

OVERTURE, "Melpomene," *Chadwick.*

ORCHESTRA.

(Melpomene, the singing goddess, was one of the
nine Muses, who presided over Tragedy.)

"TRÄUMEREI," *Schumann.*

STRING ORCHESTRA.

CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, Op. 42 in G minor,
Saint-Saëns.

MR. MARTINUS SEIVEKING



MRS. JULIE L. WYMAN.



MARTINUS SEIVEKING.

FOURTH CONCERT.

CARNIVAL IN PARIS, *Svendsen.*

ORCHESTRA.

JOHAN SEVERIN SVENDSEN was born in Christiania, Sept. 30, 1840. His parents were poor. He was eager to join the army, and he showed at an early age a natural aptitude for the violin. He became a soldier when he was fifteen, and then devoted his spare time to music. He played the clarinet, the flute, and kept up his violin practice. When he was 21 he left the regiment and wandered through Sweden and the north of Germany as a violinist. Charles XV. gave him money, that he might study, and in 1863 he entered the Leipzig Conservatory. In 1867 he travelled in Denmark, Scotland, Ireland and England. He spent two years in Paris where he played in the Odéon orchestra for the sake of bread. He then went back to Leipzig, and in 1871 he appeared in the United States, and here he took to himself a wife. In '77-'78 he was in Italy; in '78 in London, and in the fall of that year he went to Paris. In 1880 he returned to Christiania, and in 1883 he was appointed court chapel-master at Copenhagen.

Svendsen is a composer of marked talent and individuality. His orchestral works are full of picturesque coloring and fire: they are interesting, and sometimes bizarre. His symphonic pieces are well constructed, although he perhaps favors too much short themes and chopped phrases. He has a keen sense of the values of contrasts, and his instrumentation is piquant. He has written two symphonies, four Norwegian rhapsodies, overtures, marches, chamber-music, and songs.

The "Carnival of Paris," and "episode" for orchestra, is a vigorous and characteristic work. Ernst Closson finds that the theme is decidedly Norwegian: not French, nor Parisian.

SYMPHONY NO 5, C minor, *Beethoven.*

ORCHESTRA.

This symphony, which to many competent judges seems the summit of pure instrumental music, while others who differ nevertheless admit that it is only surpassed by the first three movements of the 9th symphony, was finished in the year 1807. It was not the work of sudden inspiration. Beethoven composed slowly. He changed constantly his theme, in melody and rhythm. He meditated his art; but when he finally was determined in the expression of his musical thought, he would not alter a note, although singers or players entreated him. Motives for the *allegro*, the *andante* and the *scherzo* are found in the "Sketch-books" which, at the latest, belong to the years 1800 and 1801. Other sketches prove to us that he had this symphony in his head when he was busied with "Fidelio" and the pianoforte concerto in G, *i. e.*, from 1804 to 1806. In the latter year he laid it aside to work at the 4th symphony. We know little concerning the process of composition; it was finished, however, in the environs of Heiligenstadt in 1807. It is thought by some that, amazed at his own ideas in this epoch-making work, he feared lest it would be beyond the comprehension of the hearer, and so he abandoned it for a time and finished the 4th symphony, as a composition of preparation for the 5th. From a memorandum made by him in November, 1808, it would appear that the symphony was

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intended originally for Count Oppersdorf; for Beethoven mentions the fact that he received money from the Count with reference to the 5th symphony. It was published in 1809 by Breitkopf and Härtel, with a dedication in French to Prince Lobkowitz, the Duke of Raudnitz and the Count Rasumoffsky."

It was first performed at a concert given at the "Theater an der Wien" for Beethoven's own benefit, December 22, 1808. The program was one of unusual length, and the concert lasted from half past six until half past ten. Besides this symphony in C minor, which was then called the 6th, as the "Pastoral" was called the 5th, the following numbers were performed: The "Pastoral" symphony; two numbers from the Mass in C, called "hymns with Latin words," for the Censure would not allow the word Mass on a theatre program; the pianoforte concerto in G, the solo part of which was played by Beethoven; a pianoforte fantasia; and the fantasia with chorus and orchestra. Miss Kilitzky, "a beautiful woman with a beautiful voice," sang his aria "*Ah! perfido*." It was her first appearance in public, and she was so frightened that the aria fell flat. The hall was "bitter cold," according to Reichardt, who was then visiting Vienna. He also complained of the length of the program, and the character of the performance. The singers and the orchestra had been brought together suddenly, and it had not been possible to rehearse properly. Reichardt wrote as follows concerning the C minor symphony: "Then they played a great and fully developed symphony; it was too long. A gentleman next me assured me that he noticed at the rehearsal that the 'cello alone, which was very busy, had thirty four sheets of music paper." The receipts of this concert are not known.

"If Beethoven, in the 4th symphony, strove to reconcile the classic form with the independence of his genius, he did not hesitate in the 5th to create for his new thoughts a new form, which was due to his inspiration. He ran the *scherzo* and the *finale* together, and to the latter he gave an epic grandeur. He invented for the slow movement a plan that was unlike the scheme of the slow movements of those symphonies that preceded it. The opening movement is more in the nature of the classical allegro, but it is superior in energetic conciseness to the first movement of the 'Heroic.'"

He also brought instruments into prominence that had been regarded up to this time as accessory, and had been used to reinforce the *tutti*, or solidify the harmonies: as the double-bass and the drums. He also introduced the contra-fagott, and three trombones to increase the power of the *finale*.

Schindler tells us that Beethoven wished the first theme of the first movement to be declaimed as an *andante con moto*, to express more fully its mystical character. "Beethoven said: 'It is thus that Fate knocks at the door.' The *allegro con brio* begins at the sixth measure."

This symphony was to many of the critics a stumbling block, although E. T. Hoffman wrote an appreciative article concerning it in the "Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" of 1810. Von Weber found "confusion in the ideas" of Beethoven's work of this period, and he confessed that the earlier compositions alone pleased him. Spohr did not like it. He thought the theme of the first movement was lacking in "dignity," although it admitted of development and by ingenious combinations produced "beautiful effects." "The andante contains fine passages, but the progressions and modulations while they are rich, are repeated too often, and they fatigue. The *scherzo* is original, and it has true romantic color." But he called the trio "baroque." The finale was "a din," and only to be forgiven on account of the return of the *scherzo*, "for which one should bless the composer." In France Bertin spoke of the admiration that was due him, "but his faults should be shunned." And Fétis patted Beethoven on

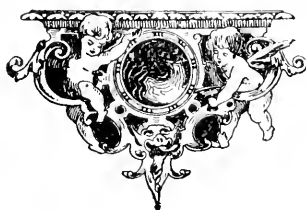
FOURTH CONCERT.

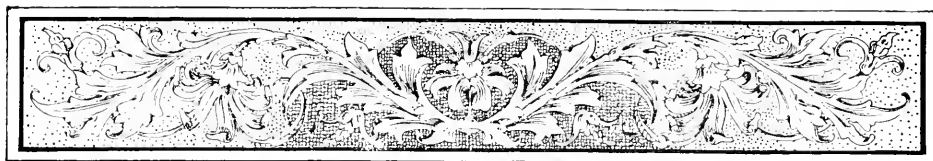
the head, and said he was "a man of immense genius, who lacked taste." Dionys Weber of Prague called the symphony "a thing without a name." Other Germans declared it was "antithetical and bizarre."

On the other hand rhapsodies innumerable have been written concerning its grandeur. Schumann summed up the whole matter when he wrote, "As often as it is heard, it exercises always over all ages an invariable power, like unto those phenomena of nature which, whenever they occur, fill us always with astonishment and awe. Berlioz, whose face flushed and whose voice trembled at the name of Beethoven, wrote a famous panegyric that is familiar to all lovers of music. "His secret sorrows, his compressed wrath, his sadly burdened reveries, his visions in the watches of the night, his flights of enthusiasm : — these furnish the subject of the symphony; and the forms of melody, harmony, rhythm and instrumentation show themselves as essentially individual and novel as powerful and noble. The first movement is devoted to the painting of the disordered emotions that overthrow a great soul in despair.

* * * Not the sombre and mute sorrow of Romeo when he learns that Juliet is dead, but truly the terrible rage of Othello as he hears from Iago's mouth the poisoned calumnies that persuade him to kill Desdemona. * * * The persistence of the theme in the second movement in its profoundly sad simplicity produces little by little an impression that cannot be described. * * * Everything is mysterious and sombre in the *scherzo*; the sinister instrumentation brings to mind the famous scene on the Brocken in Goethe's Faust. The heavy rudeness of the double-basses, brought out by the full strength of the bows, shakes the desks of the orchestra, and it is like the gait of an elephant. * * * It has been said that the brilliancy of the major mood coming immediately after the obscurity of a minor pianissimo is a common effect; that the triumphal theme lacks originality, and that interest diminishes steadily unto the end. Have not other composers wished to employ the same device: and what result have they obtained comparable to the gigantic chant of victory in which the soul of the poet-musician, free henceforth from shackles and early sufferings, seems to leap in radiance skyward?"

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS used at all Festival Concerts.





Wednesday Evening, April 24

Fifth Concert.



Samson and Delilah,

A Biblical Opera,

BY

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

DELILAH,	MRS. JULIE L. WYMAN.
SAMSON,	MR. WM. H. RIEGER.
THE HIGH PRIEST OF DAGON,	MR. FRANCIS S. ROGERS.
ABIMELICH, SATRAP OF GAZA,	} MR. WM. H. CLARKE.
AN OLD HEBREW,	
SECOND PHILLISTINE MESSENGER,	
PHILLISTINE MESSENGER,	MR. CLARENCE B. DAVIS.

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.



WM. H. RIDGE



C. SAINT-SAËNS.

FIFTH CONCERT.

CHARLES CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS was born in Paris, October 9, 1835. His health was delicate, and as his father died when he was very young, he was educated by his mother, a painter, and his great-aunt. From the latter he learned the principles of music. He took his first pianoforte lesson at the age of three. His first teachers were Stamaty for the pianoforte and Maleden, composition. He was seven years old when he began with them. He entered the class of Halévy in the Conservatory and studied the organ under Benoist. He was already an excellent pianist, and in 1851, he gained the first prize for the organ. In 1852 he was appointed organist of Saint-Merry and in 1858, he succeeded Lefébure-Wély as organist of the Madeleine. He then began his travels as a pianist, and in 1859, Von Bulow wrote of him in glowing terms, not forgetting "the sincerity of his enthusiasm and his great modesty." In 1867 he carried off the prize for the cantata to be performed at the inauguration of the exposition. Although there were one hundred and four cantatas in competition, Saint-Saëns was declared unanimously the victor. Berlioz then called him one of the greatest musicians of the epoch. During the siege of Paris he did service in the French army, and when he was permitted, played in uniform in concerts for the benefit of the wounded. His concert engagements in foreign lands obliged him in 1877 to resign his position as organist. Physically he is of medium height, thin and nervous. His forehead is "discovered," his eyes are bright and intelligent, his nose is like unto the beak of an eagle. His hair is thin and sprinkled with gray. He wears a full, short beard. The mouth suggests an ironical smile.

As a pianist and an organist he stands in the front rank. His compositions show scholarship and invention, although they have been criticised by some of his compatriots as wanting in melody. As a writer of orchestral music he is without doubt the first of French musicians, and in all of his works there is a sincerity, a self-restraint and a truly artistic spirit that are not always found in the music of his countrymen that enjoys a greater popularity in Paris.

Some of the most celebrated of his compositions are the operas "Samson et Delila" and "Henry VIII.": The 18th Psalm: four symphonies: four pianoforte concertos, of which the one in G minor is a masterpiece; the "Trumpet" septet; the four symphonic poems; the suite *Algérienne*; the variations for pianoforte (4 hands) on a theme of Beethoven; and certain songs. He has written other operas and cantatas than those named: much chamber music; and many pieces for the Church.

Saint-Saëns is a man of rare intelligence, biting wit and inexhaustible flow of spirits. His contributions to the press are read eagerly and provoke lively discussion. Some of them were collected and published under the title "Harmonie et mélodie." In this volume is an appreciative notice of the symphonic poem as treated by Liszt.

Of this versatile French composer it used to be said: "He can write everything but an opera." In the year of our Lord 1895, this reservation no longer has force. Though "Samson and Delilah" was finished twenty-two years ago and was compelled to wait twenty years for its performance at the Paris Opéra, it has finally established itself, and winter before last it was one of the features of the opera season in the French capital. The first complete operatic performance was in German, at Weimar, in 1877. After that date, it was given at Hamburg and other German cities, and reached the Eden Théâtre in Paris, in 1890. Not till then was it heard entire in any form in that city. Its first performance in America was that given by Walter Damrosch at New York (as an oratorio), March 25, 1892. It was next given at the Worcester festival, Sept. 27, 1893.

The opera opens with the Israelites deploring their oppression. Samson urges them to rise against the Philistines. In scene II Abimelech reviles the Hebrews and blasphemes their God. For this Samson kills him. In scene IV a messenger announces the revolt of the

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Israelites, and in scene V Samson returns with his victorious army. The first act closes with the efforts of Delilah to lure Samson from his friends, and the warnings of an aged Hebrew who foresees the champion's peril. The second act describes a plot concocted by Delilah and the high priest of Dagon to ensnare Samson. "The woman of the valley of Sorek" is to make love to him, and the high priest will send soldiers to take him while in her arms. Then comes the love making, the betrayal and capture of the strong man. The third act represents Samson blind and in chains, the sport of the Philistines. Delilah joins in taunting him. The final catastrophe, the downfall of the temple and the destruction of Samson and the Philistines, is told in Samson's cry to the God of Israel for strength, and in the closing strains of the orchestra.

The libretto is by the composer's cousin, Ferdinand Lemaire. The English translation is by Nathan Haskell Dole. The librettist has availed himself of the poet's license to modify the accepted historical record so that the plot shall conform to his ideas of the dramatic exigencies. The characters given both to Samson and to Delilah in the opera are hardly those described by the scripture writers or by Josephus. The bald Biblical truth would not be acceptable even to a Paris audience. Nobler motives and a higher standard of life had to be provided for the two principal actors. There is more of genuine patriotism and more of pure love in the libretto than in the Bible story, but the latter has suffered no more radical transformation than is the common lot of history when seized upon by the romancers.

* * * *

Camille Saint-Saëns, now in his sixtieth year, has made a name for himself, not only as a successful composer in every branch of the art, but as a poet, a critic and a philosopher, though his literary works are little known outside of his native country. As a composer he boasted of his eclecticism. His larger works include five symphonies, as many concertos for piano or violin, a mass and a half dozen operas besides "Samson." It was while "Ascanio" was in preparation that Saint-Saëns took one of his eccentric and periodic flights from Paris, and the opera was brought out while it seemed yet uncertain whether the composer was alive or dead. In his own good time, he returned from a trip to the Canary Islands. Of all his works, Oscar Commettant esteems "Samson" and the C minor symphony, the two finest jewels in the crown of this musical king.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Delilah (*Mezzo-Soprano*).

Samson (*Tenor*).

High Priest of Dagon (*Baritone*).

Abimelech, Satrap of Gaza (*First Bass*).

An Old Hebrew (*Second Bass*).

Philistine Messenger (*Tenor*).

First Philistine (*Tenor*).

Second Philistine (*Bass*).

CHORUS OF HEBREWS AND PHILISTINES.

ACT I.

Public place in the city of Gaza in Palestine.

At L., the portal of Dagon. At the rising of the curtain a throng of Hebrews, men and women, are seen collected in the open space, in attitudes of grief and prayer. SAMSON is among them.

SCENE I.

CHORUS.

God! Israel's God!

To our petition hearken!

Thy children save!

As they kneel in despair

Heed Thou their prayer.

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While o'er them sorrows darken!
Oh, let thy wrath
Give place to loving care!

THE WOMEN.

Since Thou from us
Hast turned away thy favor
We are undone,
In vain thy people fight.

[*Curtain rises.*]

CHORUS.

Lord, wilt Thou have
That we perish forever —
The nation that alone
Hath known
Thy light? Ah! all the day
Do I humbly adore Him:
Deaf to my cry
He gives me no reply,
Yet still I bow before Him
And implore Him
That He at last
To my aid may draw nigh!

THE HEBREW MEN.

By savage foes our cities have been harried;
Gentiles Thine altar with shame
Have profaned:
Our tribes afar
To dire slavery carried
All scattered are;
Scarce our name
Hath remained!
Art Thou no more
The God of our salvation,
Who saved our sires
From the chains that they wore?
Lord, hast Thou forgot
Those vows, sworn to our nation
In days of yore.
When Egypt hurt us sore?

SAMSON, *emerging from the throng at R.*

Pause and stand
O my brothers,
And bless the holy name
Of the God of our fathers!
Your pardon is at hand,
And your chains shall be broken!

I have heard in your heart
Words of hope softly spoken: —
'Tis the voice of the Lord
That through His servant speaketh;
He doth His grace afford:
Your lasting good He seeketh;
Your throne shall be restored!
Brothers! now break your fetters!
Our altar let us raise
To the God whom we praise!

CHORUS.

Alas! vain words he utters,
Freedom can ne'er be ours!
Of arms our foes bereft us;
How use our feeble powers?
Only tears are left us!

SAMSON.

Is your God not on high?
Hath he not sworn to save you?
He is still your ally
By the name that he gave you!
'Twas for you alone
That he spake through His thunders!
His glory He hath shown
To you by mighty wonders!
He led through the Red Sea
By miraculous ways,
When our Fathers did flee
From a shameful oppression!

CHORUS.

Past are those glorious days,
God hath avenged our transgression;
In his wrath he delays,
Nor hears our intercession.

SAMSON.

Wretched souls! hold your peace!
Doubt not the God above you!
Fall down upon your knees!
Pray to Him who doth love you!
Behold His mighty Hand,
The safeguard of our nation!
With dauntless valor stand
In hope of our salvation!
God the Lord speeds the right;
God the Lord never faileth!
He fills our arms with might,

FIFTH CONCERT.

And our prayer now prevaileth !

CHORUS.

Lo ! the Spirit of the Lord

Upon his soul hath rested !

Come ! our courage is restored ;

Let now his way be tested !

We will march at His side ;

Deliverance shall attend us,

For the Lord is our guide.

And His arm shall defend us !

SCENE II.

The same. ABIMELECH, *satrap of Gaza,*
enters at L., followed by a throng of
warriors and soldiery of the Philistines.

ABIMELECH.

Who dares to raise the voice of pride ?

Do these slaves accuse their masters ?

Who oft in vain our strength have tried.

Would they now incur new disasters ?

Conceal your despair

And your tears !

Our patience will hold out no longer ;

You have found that we are the stronger :

In vain your prayer,

We mock your tears ;

Your God, whom ye implore with anguish.

Remaineth deaf to your call ;

He lets you still in bondage languish.

On you His heavy judgments fall !

If He from us desires to save you.

Now let Him show His power divine,

And shatter the chains your conquerors
gave you !

Let the sun of freedom shine !

Do ye hope in insolent daring

Our God unto yours will yield.

Jehovah with Dagon comparing.

Who for us winneth the field ?

Nay, your timid God fears and trembles

When Dagon before Him is seen ;

He the plaintive dove resembles :

Dagon the vulture bold and keen.

SAMSON (*inspired*).

O God, it is Thou he blasphemeth !

Let Thy wrath on His head descend.

Lord of hosts !

His power hath an end.

On high like lightning gleameth

The sword sparkling with fire ;

From the sky swiftly streameth

The host burning with ire :—

Yea ! all the heavenly legions

In their mighty array

Sweep over boundless regions.

And strike the foe with dismay.

At last cometh the hour

When God's fierce fire shall fall :

Its terrible power

And His thunder appall

Lord before Thy displeasure

Helpless the earth shall quake :

Thy wrath will know no measure

When vengeance Thou shalt take !

ABIMELECH.

Give o'er ! rashly blind ! Cease thy railing,

Wake not Dagon's wrath, death-entailing !

SAMSON.

Israel ! break your chain !

Arise ! display your might !

Their idle threats disdain !

See, the day follows night !

Jehovah, God of light.

Hear our prayer as of yore,

And for thy people fight !

Let the right

Win once more !

CHORUS.

Israel ! break your chain !

Arise ! display your might !

Their idle threats disdain !

See, the day follows night !

Jehovah God of light,

Hear our prayer as of yore,

And for thy people fight !

Let the right

Win once more !

SAMSON.

Lord, before Thy displeasure

Helpless the earth shall quake :

Thy wrath will know no measure

When vengeance Thou shalt take !

FIFTH CONCERT.

Thou the tempest unchainest;
The storms Thy word obey;
The vast sea Thou restrainest:
Be our shield, Lord, to-day!

CHORUS.

Israel! break your chain!
Arise! display your might!
Their idle threats disdain!
See, the day follows night!
Jehovah, God of light,
Hear our prayer as of yore,
And for Thy people fight!
Let the right
Win once more!
Arise! display your might!

(ABIMELECH springs at SAMSON, sword in hand, to strike him. SAMSON wrenches the sword away and strikes him. ABIMELECH falls, crying "Help." The PHILISTINES accompanying the satrap would gladly aid him, but SAMSON, brandishing his sword, keeps them at a distance. He occupies the R. of stage, the greatest confusion reigns. SAMSON and the HEBREWS exit R. The gates of Dagon's temple open; the HIGH PRIEST, followed by a throng of attendants and guards, descends the steps of the portico; he pauses before ABIMELECH'S dead body. The PHILISTINES respectfully draw back before him.)

SCENE III.

The same, the HIGH PRIEST, ATTENDANTS,
GUARDS.

HIGH PRIEST.

What see I?
Abimelech by slaves struck down and
dying!
Oh, let them not escape!
To arms! Pursue the flying!
Wreak vengeance on your foes!
For the prince they have slain!
Strike down beneath your blows
The slaves who flee in vain!

FIRST PHILISTINE.

All my blood, it was fated.

Turned to ice in my veins:
Methought my limbs were weighted
With heavy loads of chains!

SECOND PHILISTINE.

My arms are unavailing,
My strength is like the flax;
My knees beneath me falling—
And my heart melts like wax.

HIGH PRIEST.

Cowards! with hearts easily daunted.
Ye are filled with foolish alarm!
Have ye lost all your boldness vaunted.
Do you fear their God's puny arm?

SCENE IV.

The same, a PHILISTINE MESSENGER.

PHILISTINE MESSENGER.

The band, by Samson guided
To revolt, with furious wrath
Across our land by fear divided
March, leaving woe in their path.

FIRST AND SECOND PHILISTINE.

O fly from the threatening danger!
Come! why should we perish in vain?
We'll leave the town unto the stranger.
And the sheltering mountains gain.

HIGH PRIEST.

Curse you and your nation forever,
Children of Israel!
I fain your tribe from earth would sever,
And leave no trace to tell!
Curse him, too, their guide! How I hate
him!
Him will I stamp 'neath my feet!
A cruel doom must now await him:
He shall die when we meet!
Curse her, too, the mother who bore him,
And all her hateful race!
May she who faithful love once swore him
Prove heartless, false, and base.
Cursed be the God of his nation.
That God his only trust:
His temple shake from its foundation.
His altar fall to dust!

FIFTH CONCERT

PHILISTINES.

In spite of brave professions,
To yonder mountains fly;
Leave our homes, our possessions,
Our god, or else we die.

(Escort L., bearing ABIMELECH'S dead body. Just as the PHILISTINES leave the stage, followed by the HIGH PRIEST, the HEBREWS, old men and children enter R. It is broad daylight.)

SCENE V.

The HEBREW WOMEN and OLD MEN; then SAMSON and the victorious HEBREWS.

HEBREW OLD MEN.

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!

Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His glory
He hath saved Israel!
Through Him weak arms have triumphed
o'er their masters.

Whose might oppressed them sore;
Upon their heads He hath poured great disasters,

They will mock Him no more!

(The HEBREWS led by SAMSON enter R.)

AN OLD HEBREW.

His hand in anger stern chastised us,

For we his laws had disobeyed;

But when our punishment advised us,

And we our humble prayer had made,

He bade us cease our lamentations—

“Rise in arms to combat!” He cried,

“Your God shall provide

Your salvation;

In battle I am by your side!”

HEBREW OLD MEN.

When we were slaves, He came our chains
to sever,

We were ever his care;

His mighty arm was able to deliver.

He hath turned our despair!

Praise ye Jehovah! Tell all the wondrous story!

Psalms of praise loudly swell!
God is the Lord! In His power and His
Glory

He hath saved Israel!

SCENE VI.

SAMSON, DELILAH, the PHILISTINES, the HEBREW OLD MEN. The gates of the temple open. DELILAH enters followed by PHILISTINE WOMEN holding garlands of flowers in their hands.

THE PHILISTINE WOMEN.

Now spring's generous hand
Brings flowers to the land;

Be they worn as crowns
By thy conquering band!

With light, gladsome voices.

'Mid glowing roses,

While all rejoices,

Sing, sisters, sing—

Your tribute bring!

Come, deathless delight,

Youth's springtime bright.

The beauty that charms

The heart at the sight,

The love that entrances

And new love wakens

With timid glances!

My sisters, love

Like the birds above!

DELILAH *(addressing SAMSON.)*

I come with a song for the splendor

Of my love who won in the fray!

I belong unto him for aye;

Heart as well as hand I surrender!

Come, my dearest one, follow me

To Sorek, the fairest of valleys,

Where, murmuring, the cool streamlet
dallies!

Delilah will comfort thee.

SAMSON.

O God! who beholdest my trial,

Thy strength to thy servant impart.

Close fast mine eyes, make firm my heart,

Support me in stern self-denial!

FIFTH CONCERT

DELILAH.

My comely brow for thee I bind
With clusters of cool, curling cresses.
And Sharon's roses sweet are twined
Amid my long raven tresses.

THE OLD HEBREW.

Oh, turn away, my son, and go not there!
Avoid this stranger's seductive vices;
Heed not her voice, though softly she
entices:
Of the serpent's deadly fang beware!

SAMSON.

Hide from my sight her beauty rare,
Whose magic spell with right alarms me!
Oh, quench those eyes whose brightness
charms me,
And fills my heart with love's despair!

DELILAH.

Sweet is the lily's perfumed breath:
Sweeter far are my warm caresses:
There awaits thee love that blesses,
And all that bliss awakeneth!
Open thine arms, my brave defender!
Let me fly to thy sheltering breast:
There on thy heart I will sweetly rest.
Filling thy soul with rapture tender,
Come, oh come!

SAMSON.

Oh, that flame that my heart oppresses,
Burning anew in this hour,
Before my God, before my God give o'er
thy power!
Lord pity him who his weakness confesses!

THE OLD HEBREW.

Accursed art thou, If 'neath her charm thou
fallest.
If to her voice, if to her honeyed voice
thou givest heed:
Ah! then thy tears are vain, in vain thou
callest
On heaven to save thee from the fruits of
thy deed!

(The young girls accompanying DELILAH dance, waving the garlands of flowers which they hold in their hands, and seem to be trying to seduce the Hebrew warriors who follow SAMSON. The latter, deeply agitated, tries vainly to avoid DELILAH'S glances. His eyes in spite of all his efforts follow the enchantress's movements as she takes part in the voluptuous postures and gestures of the Philistine maidens.)
Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon.

DELILAH.

The spring with her dower
Of bird and of flower
Brings hope in her train:
Her scent-laden pinions
From Love's wide dominions
Drives sorrow and pain.
Our hearts thrill with gladness
For spring's mystic madness
Thrills through all the earth.
To fields doth she render
Their grace and their splendor—
Joy and gentle mirth.
In vain I adore me
With blossoms and charms!
My false love doth scorn me,
And flees from my arms!
But hope still caresses
My desolate heart—
Past delight yet blesses!
Love will not depart!

(Addressing SAMSON, with her face bent upon him.)

When night comes star-laden,
Like a sad, lonely maiden,
I'll sit by the stream,
And mourning I'll dream.
My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him alway.

HEBREW OLD MAN.

The powers of hell hath created this woman.

FIFTH CONCERT.

Fair to the eye, to disturb thy repose;
Turn from her glance, fraught with fire not
human;
Her love is a poison that brings countless
woes!

DELILAH.

My heart I'll surrender
If he come to-day,
And still be as tender
As when Love's first splendor
Made me rich and gay:—
So I'll wait him away!

(DELILAH, still singing, again goes to the steps of the portico and casts her enticing glances at SAMSON, who seems wrought upon by her spell. He hesitates, struggles, and betrays the trouble of his soul.)

ACT II.

The stage represents the valley of Sorek, in Palestine. At L., DELILAH'S dwelling, which has a graceful portico, and is surrounded with Asiatic plants and luxuriant tropical creepers. At the rising of the curtain night is coming on, and becomes complete during the course of the action.

SCENE I.

DELILAH (*alone*.)

She is more richly apparelled than in the first act. At the rising of the curtain she is discovered seated on a rock near the portico of her house, and seems to be in a dreamy mood.

This eve Samson makes his obeisance.
This eve at my feet he will lie!
Now the hour of my vengeance hastens—
Our Gods I shall soon satisfy!
O Love, of thy might let me borrow!
Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!
Let him be bound before the morrow—
A captive to my matchless art!
In his soul he no longer would cherish
The passion he wishes were dead:
Can a flame like that ever perish,
Evermore by remembrance fed?

He rests my slave: his feats belie him;

My brothers fear with vain alarms;

I only of all—I defy him.

I hold him fast within my arms!

O Love, of thy might let me borrow!

Pour thy poison through Samson's heart!

Let him be bound before the morrow—

A captive to my matchless art!

When love contends strength ever faileth;

E'en he the strongest of the strong,

Through whom in war his tribe prevaileth;

Against me shall not battle long!

SCENE II.

DELILAH; the HIGH PRIEST of Dagon.

HIGH PRIEST.

I have crossed o'er the cheerless

Mountain-peaks to thy side:

'Mid dangers I was fearless;

Dagon served as my guide!

DELILAH.

I greet you, worthy master.

A welcome face you show,

Honored e'er as priest and pastor! . . .

HIGH PRIEST.

Our disaster

You know!

Desperate slaves without pity

Rose against their lords,

They sacked the helpless city.

None resisted their hordes.

Our soldiers fled before them

At the sound of Samson's name:

The pang of terror tore them,

Like sheep they became!

A menace to our nation,

Samson had from on high

A strength and preparation

That none with him could vie.

A vow hath bound him ever,

He from birth was elect

To consecrate endeavor.

Israel's glory to effect.

DELILAH.

I know his courage dares you,

FIFTH CONCERT.

Even unto your face;
He endless hatred bears you,
As the first of your race.

HIGH PRIEST.

Within thine arm one day
His strength vanished away;
But since then
He endeavored to forget thee again.
'T is said, in shameful fashion
His Delilah he scouts;
He makes sport of his passion,
And all its joy he doubts.

DELILAH.

Although his brothers warn him,
And he hears what they say,
They all coldly scorn him
Because he loves astray;
Yet still, in spite of reason,
He struggles all in vain;
I fear from him no treason,
For his heart I retain!
'T is in vain
He defies me,
Though so mighty in arms;
Not a wish he denies me
He melts before my charms.

HIGH PRIEST.

Then let thy zeal awaken,
Use thy weird magic powers,
That unarmed, overtaken,
He this night may be ours!
Sell me this redoubtable thrall.
Nor shall thy profit be small;
Naught that thou wishest could be a burden!
Priceless shall be thy well-earned guerdon!

DELILAH.

Do I care for thy promised gold?
Delilah's vengeance were not sold
For all a king's uncounted treasure!
Thy knowledge, though boundless in measure,
Hath played thee false in reading me!
O'er you he gained the victory,
But I am still too powerful for him;
More bitter than thou, I abhor him!

HIGH PRIEST.

Thy design and thy deadly hate I should
have guessed;
To hear thy wily words my heart with
pleasure trembles,
Yet art thou sure of him? Will thy power
stand the test?
Hast thou measured his cunning? May-
be he, too, dissembles.

DELILAH.

Thrice, indeed, have I failed to accomplish
my plan --
I have sought for the key to the strength of
the man;
I have kindled his love with the hope that
by yielding
I might destroy the mysterious might he is
wielding!
Thrice hath he foiled my plan, disappointed
my hope;
His secret still he holds -- with him no one
can cope!
In vain I emulate all the fire he expresses;
Though I thought that I might gain that
knowledge by caresses,
This haughty Hebrew slave oft hath hurried
away
From my sweetest embraces to engage in
the fray.

But to-day

Have no fear, my might will overawe him;
Pale grew his face and stern,
He shook when last I saw him.
So know
That our foe
His friends once more will spurn;
He will yearn
For my love,

We shall see him return.
The victory shall be mine, I am ready to
meet him;
One last weapon is left me -- my tears shall
defeat him!

HIGH PRIEST.

Oh, may Dagon, our God, by thy side
deign to stand!

FIFTH CONCERT.

"Tis for him thou art fighting; thou winnest
by his hand.

DELILAH.

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

HIGH PRIEST.

That vengeance now at last may find him,
Delilah's chains must firmly bind him!
May he by his love yield his power,
And here at my feet meekly cower.

DELILAH.

That vengeance now at last may find him,
etc.

HIGH PRIEST.

In thee alone my hope remaineth,
Thy hand the honored victory gaineth
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

DELILAH.

My hand the honored victory gaineth.
That vengeance, etc.
We two shall strike the blow —
Death to our mighty foe!

HIGH PRIEST.

To-night didst thou not tell me
Samson is awaited?

DELILAH.

He will come!

HIGH PRIEST.

Then I go, lest he find me belated;
But soon by secret paths I bring the aveng-
ing band.
Now the fate of thy land
Is lodged within thy hand.
Unveil his hidden heart,
And rob him of his treasure:
Make him tell where resides
That force which none may measure.

[Exit.

DELILAH (*approaches the portico L., and
stands leaning in a dreamy attitude against
one of the pillars.*)

Oh, can it be, I have lost the sway
I held o'er my lover?
The night is dark, without a ray:
If he seeks me now, how discover?
Alas!
The moments pass!

SCENE III.

DELILAH; SAMSON. (*Distant flashes of
lightning.*)

SAMSON.

Once again to this place
My erring feet draw nigh!
I ought to shun her face,
No strength have I!
Though my passion I curse,
Yet its torments still slay me.
Away! away from her,
Ere she through stealth betray me!

DELILAH (*advancing towards Samson*).

'T is thou! 't is thou whom I adore!
In thine absence I languish:
In seeing thee once more
Forgot are hours of anguish!
Thy face is doubly welcome.

SAMSON.

Ah! cease that wild discourse;
At thy words all my soul
Is darkened with remorse!

DELILAH.

Ah! Samson, my best beloved friend.
In thy heart dost thou despise me?
Is 't thus thy love hath an end.
Which once above all jewels did prize me?

SAMSON.

Thou hast been priceless unto my heart,
And never canst thou be discarded!
Dearer than life art thou regarded!
In my love none hath greater part!

DELILAH.

By my side dost thou fear some disaster?

FIFTH CONCERT.

Dost thou doubt that I love thee still?
Do not I fulfil all thy will?
Art not thou my dear lord and master?

SAMSON.

Alas! Jehovah heard my vow —
To obey him is my bounden duty!
Farewell, I must leave thee now,
Ne'er again behold thy matchless beauty.
No more to indulge joyful love—give way!
Israel's hopes revive by this token;
For the Lord hath decreed the day
Which shall see our chains surely broken!
He hath spoken to me his word:
"Among thy brethren art thou elected
To lead them back to God their Lord,
Ending all the woes whereby they are
afflicted!"

DELILAH.

What cares my heart all forlorn
For Israel's fate or her glory,
When joy, from me brutally torn,
Sums up for me the wretched story?
When I in thy promise believed
My peace of mind forever was ended;
Each false caress that I received
Was in my veins a poison blended.

SAMSON.

Forbear to rack my soul with woe!
I must yield to a law above thee;
Tenfold my grief when thy tears flow —
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

(Distant flashes of lightning.)

DELILAH.

A God far more mighty than thine.
My friend, through me his will proclaim-
eth;
'T is the God of Love, the divine,
Whose law thy God's small sceptre
shameth!
Recall blissful hours at my side,
If thou from thy mistress must sever!
Thou'st broke the faith that should abide!
I alone remain constant ever!

SAMSON.

Thou unfeeling! To doubt of my heart!

Ever of my love all things tell me!
Oh, let me perish by God's dart,
May God's lightning swift overwhelm
me!

I struggle with my fate no more,
I know on earth no power above thee!

(Flashes approach nearer.)

Yea, though hell hold my doom in store,
Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH.

My heart at thy dear voice
Opens wide like a flower,
Which the morn's kisses waken;
But that I may rejoice,
That my tears no more shower,
Tell thy love still unshaken!
Oh, say thou wilt not now
Leave Delilah again!
Repeat with accents tender
Every passionate vow
Oh, thou dearest of men!
Oh, to the charms of love surrender!
Rise with me to its heights of splendor!

SAMSON.

Delilah! Delilah! I love thee!

DELILAH.

As the fields of growing corn
In the morn bend and sway,
When the light zephyr rises,
E'en so my heart forlorn
Is thrilled by passion's play
At thy voice's sweet surprises!
Less rapid is the dart
In its death-dealing flight
Than I spring to my delight,
To my place on thy heart!
Oh, to the charms of love surrender!
Rise with me to its heights of splendor!

SAMSON.

I'll dry thy tears
By charm of sweet caresses,
And chase thy fears
And the grief that oppresses!

DELILAH. SAMSON, *in ensemble.* *Violent
crash of thunder.*

FIFTH CONCERT.

DELILAH.

But no! . . . the dream is o'er!
Delilah trusts no more!

Words are idle pretences!
Thou hast mocked me before.
Too flagrant thy offences!

SAMSON.

When I dare to follow thee now
Forgetting my God and my vow —
The God who hath sealed my existence
With strength divine that knew no resist-
ance!

DELILAH.

Ah, well, thou shalt now read my heart!
Know why thy God I have envied,
hated —

Thy God by whose fiat thou art,
To whom thou art consecrated!
Oh, tell me this vow thou hast sworn —
How thy mighty power is redoubled!
Remove the doubts whereby I am torn,
Let not my heart be longer troubled!

(Thunder and lightning in the distance.)

SAMSON.

Delilah! what dost thou desire?
Ah! let not thy distrust rouse mine ire!

DELILAH.

If still I have power left to move thee,
Whereby in the past I was blessed,
This hour I would put it to test:
Firm trust in me would now behoove thee!

(Lightning and thunder nearer and nearer.)

SAMSON.

Alas! the chain which I must wear
Maketh not nor marreth thy joyance!
For my secret why dost thou care?

DELILAH.

Tell me thy vow! Assuage the pain I bear!

SAMSON.

Thy power is vain; vain thine annoyance!

DELILAH.

Yea, my power is vain,
Because thy love is bounded!

My desire to disdain,
To despise my spirit, wounded
By thy secret unknown;
And to add without reason,
In cold, insulting tone
Charges of latent treason!

SAMSON.

With a heart in despair
Too immense to be spoken.
I raise to God my prayer
In a voice sad and broken!

DELILAH.

For him I have displayed
All my beauty's decoration;
And how am I repaid?
In tears of lamentation!

SAMSON.

All-powerful God, I call on thee for aid!

DELILAH.

To see thy stern, cold face
My sad forebodings waken:
Samson, flee from this place
Ere I die, thy love forsaken.

SAMSON.

Say no more!

DELILAH.

Tell thy vow!

SAMSON.

Ask me not!

DELILAH.

Tell me now
I implore—
The vow which thou
Hast taken.

SAMSON.

The storm is rising fast
To rend the hill asunder
And the Lord's wrath will blast
The traitor with his thunder!

DELILAH.

I fear not by thy side! Come!

SAMSON.

No!

FIFTH CONCERT.

DELILAH.

Come!

SAMSON.

Say no more!

DELILAH.

At His wrath cast defiance!

SAMSON.

Vain is my self-reliance.

'T is the voice of God!

DELILAH.

Coward! you loveless heart:

I despise you! Away!

(DELILAH runs towards her dwelling; the storm breaks in all its fury; SAMSON, raising his arms to Heaven, seems to call upon God. Then he springs in pursuit of DELILAH, hesitates, and finally enters the house. Philistine soldiers enter R. and softly approach DELILAH's dwelling. A violent crash of thunder.)

DELILAH *(appearing at her window.)*

Your aid, Phillistines, your aid.

SAMSON.

I am betrayed!

The soldiers rush into the house.

Curtain.

ACT III.

FIRST TABLEAU.—*The prison at Gaza.*

SCENE I.

SAMSON: *the HEBREWS.*

SAMSON, *in chains, blinded, with his locks shorn, is discovered turning a hand-mill. Behind the scenes a chorus of captive Hebrews.*

SAMSON.

Look down on me, O Lord! Have mercy on me!

Behold my woe! Behold sin hath undone me!

My erring feet have wandered from Thy path.

And so I feel the burden of Thy wrath!

To Thee, O God, this poor wrecked life I offer!

I am no more than a scorn to the scoffer!

My sightless eyes testify of my fall:

Upon my head

Hath been shed

Bitter gall!

CHORUS.

Samson, why thy vow to God hast thou broken?

What doth it betoken?

SAMSON.

Alas! Israel, loaded with chains,

From God's holy face sternly banished

Every hope of return hath vanished,

And only dull despair remains!

May we regain all the light of Thy favor!

Wilt Thou once more Thy protection accord?

Forget Thy wrath at our approach, O Lord—

Thou whose compassionate love watches ever!

CHORUS.

God meant thou shouldst take the command To lead us to our fatherland;

Samson! why thy vow hast thou broken?

What doth it betoken?

SAMSON.

Brothers, your complaint voiced in song

Reaches me as in gloom I languish.

And my spirit is torn with anguish

To think of all this shame and wrong!

God! take my life in expiation!

Let me alone Thine anger bear:

Punishing me, Thine Israel spare!

Restore Thy mercy to our nation!

CHORUS.

He for a woman sold his power!

He to Delilah hath betrayed us!

Thou who wert to us like a tower—

Why hast thou slaves and hopeless made us?

SAMSON.

Contrite, broken-hearted I lie.

But I bless Thy hand in my sorrow!

Comfort, Lord, let Thy people borrow.

Let them escape!—Let them not die!

FIFTH CONCERT.

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Interior of the temple of Dagon. Statue of the god. Sacrificial table. In the midst of the four two marble columns apparently supporting the edifice.*

SCENE II.

The HIGH PRIEST, DELILAH, the PHILISTINES.

The HIGH PRIEST of Dagon is surrounded by Philistine princes. DELILAH, followed by Philistine maidens crowned with flowers, with wine-cups in their hands. A throng of people fill the temple. Day is breaking.

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES.

Dawn now on the hill-tops heralds the day!
Stars and torches in its light fades away!

Let us revel still, and despite its warning
Love till the morning!

It is love alone makes us bright and gay!
The breeze of the morn puts the shades to flight,

They hasten away like a mist-veil light!
The horizon glows with a rosy splendor;

The sun shines bright
On each swelling height,
And the tree-tops tender!

Bacchanal.

SCENE III.

THE HIGH PRIEST.

All hail the judge of Israel,
Who by his presence here,

Makes our festival splendid!
Let him be by thy fair hands,
Delilah, attended,

Fill high for thy love the hydromel!
Now let him drain the beaker with songs for thy praises,
And vaunt thy power in swelling phrases!

CHORUS.

Samson, in thy pleasure we share!
We praise Delilah, thy fair mistress!
Empty the bowl and drown thy care!
Good wine maketh less deepest distress!

SAMSON (aside.)

Deadly sadness fills my soul!

Lord, before Thee, humbly I bow me.

Oh, by Thy will divine allow me,
To gain at last life's destined goal!

DELILAH (approaching SAMSON with a wine-cup in her hand.)

By my hand, love, be thou led!
Let me show thee where thy feet may tread;
Down the long and shaded alley
Leading to the enchanted valley,
Where often we used to meet.
Enjoying hours heavenly sweet!
Thou hadst to climb lofty mountains
To make thy way to thy bride.

Where by the murmuring fountains,

Thou wert in bliss at my side!

Tell me thy heart still blesses

All the warmth of my caresses!

Thy love served well for my end.

That I my vengeance might fashion

Thy vital secret I gained,

Working on thy blinded passion!

By my love thy soul was lured!

'Twas I who hath wrought our salvation!

'Twas Delilah's hand assured
Her god, her hate, and her nation.

SAMSON (aside.)

Deaf to thy voice, Lord, I remained,
And in my guilty passion's blindness
Alas! the purest love profaned
In lavishing on her my kindness.

HIGH PRIEST.

Come now, we pray, sing, Samson, sing!

Rehearse in verse thy sweet discourses,

Which thou to her wert wont to bring

From thy eager love's inmost sources.

Or, let Jehovah show His power,

Light to thy sightless eyes restoring!

I promise thee that self-same hour

We all will thy God name, adoring.

Ah! He is deaf unto thy prayer.

This God thou art vainly imploring!

His impotent wrath I may dare

And scorn His thunder's idly roaring.

SAMSON.

Hearst thou, O God, from Thy throne
How this impudent knave denies Thee,

FIFTH CONCERT.

And how his hateful troop despise thee,
With pride and with insolence flown?
Once again all Thy glory show them!
Once more let Thy marvels shine,
Thy light and Thy might be mine,
That I again may overthrow them!

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
We laugh at thy fury's spite!
Us thou canst not affright.
With idle rage thou ragest;
Thy day is like the night!
Thine eyes lack their sight.
A weakling's war thou wagest!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

HIGH PRIEST.

Come, fair Delilah, give thanks to our God,
Jehovah trembles at his awful rod.
Consult we now
What the godhead advises.
E'en while we bow
The altar incense rises.

(DELILAH and the HIGH PRIEST turn to the sacrificial table, on which are found the sacred cups. A fire is burning on the altar, which is decorated with flowers. DELILAH and the HIGH PRIEST, taking the cups, pour a libation on the fire, which flames, then vanishes, to reappear at the third strophe of the invocation. SAMSON has remained in the midst of the stage with the boy who led him. He seems overwhelmed with grief, and his lips are moving in evident prayer.)

DELILAH.

Dagon be ever praised!
He my weak hand hath aided.
And thy faint heart he raised
When our last hope had faded.

BOTH.

Oh, thou ruler over all the world,
Thou who all stars createst,
Be all thy foes to ruin hurled!
Over all gods thou art greatest!

CHORUS.

Thy blessing scatter
With mighty signs!
Let flocks wax fatter
More rich our vines!
Let every village with wealth o'erflow,
And keep from pillage
Our hated foe!

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST.

Accept, O Lord sublime,
Our victim's grand oblation,
For e'en our great crime
Take them in expiation.

CHORUS.

Dagon we praise.

DELILAH AND HIGH PRIEST.

Reveal to thy priest's wondering eyes,
Who alone can behold thy glory
All the future's dark, hidden story
Which behind Fate's veil written lies!
God hear our prayer
Before thy fane!
Make us thy care!
Thy justice reign!
Success attend us
Whene'er we fight?
Protection lend us
By day and night?

DELILAH, HIGH PRIEST AND CHORUS.

Dagon shows his power!
See the new flame tower!
Burning bright
Amid smouldering ashes.
Our Lord of light,
Descending, o'er us flashes!
Lo! the god we worship now appeareth.
And all his people feareth at his nod!

HIGH PRIEST *(to Samson)*.

That Fate may not in favor falter,
Now Samson, come, thine offering pour
Unto Dagon there on his altar.
And on thy knees his grace implore!

(To the boy)

Guide thou his steps! Let thou thy care
Enfold him

FIFTH CONCERT.

That all the people from afar behold him!

SAMSON.

O Lord, now is Thy time.

Be Thou once more my stay:

Toward the marble columns,

My boy, guide thou my way.

(The boy leads SAMSON between the two pillars.)

CHORUS.

Dagon shows his power, etc., as above.

God hear our prayer, etc., as above.

Thou hast vanquished the insolent

Children of Israel,

Strengthened our arm.

Our heart renewed.

And by thy wonders

Kept us from harm,

Brought this people to servitude.

Who despised thy wrath

And thy thunders!

God hear our prayer, etc., as above.

Glory to Dagon! Glory!

SAMSON

(Standing between the two pillars and endeavoring to overturn them.)

Hear Thy servant's cry, God, my Lord.

Though he is sore distressed by blindness!

My former force once more restored.

One instant renew thy gracious kindness!

Let Thine anger revenge my race;

Let them perish all in this place.

(The temple falls amid shrieks and cries.)

ALL.

Ah!

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LEONARD B. ELY.

Leonard B. Ellis.

Leonard B. Ellis, the first president of the New Bedford Choral Association, was born in this city March 11, 1838, and became president of our association in 1869, which office he held continuously for seventeen years. A man of sanguine temperament and carrying the association's interests always closely at heart, he was at times the vital spark which claimed and secured for our organization an existence. When apathy and indifference toward our work had so far permeated our membership that repeated efforts were necessary to secure a quorum of our board of management for the transaction of business, Mr. Ellis, never without hope, always willing to make any effort, insisted that there was a future for us and that we stand ready to take advantage of what it might bring us. In times of interest and prosperity his enthusiasm in the ranks as a singer and his counsel in the board of management were always potent factors. Of him it can be truly said that the history of his presidency is the history of our association for that time.

Mr. Ellis' interest in music led him to compile a musical history of New Bedford, tracing the course of music from its first foothold in what was then a Quaker town to the date of his writing. These papers were published in the New Bedford Evening Standard and are of much value, preserving as they do much that would otherwise have been lost beyond recovery. Mr. Ellis was a good citizen and filled with credit many positions of trust, his never-failing courtesy and good judgment making him generally sought. In addition to his musical history, he wrote and published a military history, a history of Methodism, a history of the New Bedford fire department, and the most complete history of New Bedford ever brought out. Of these the last two were in book form. He died Wednesday, March 13, 1895.

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Letter from

MARTINUS SEIVEKING.

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